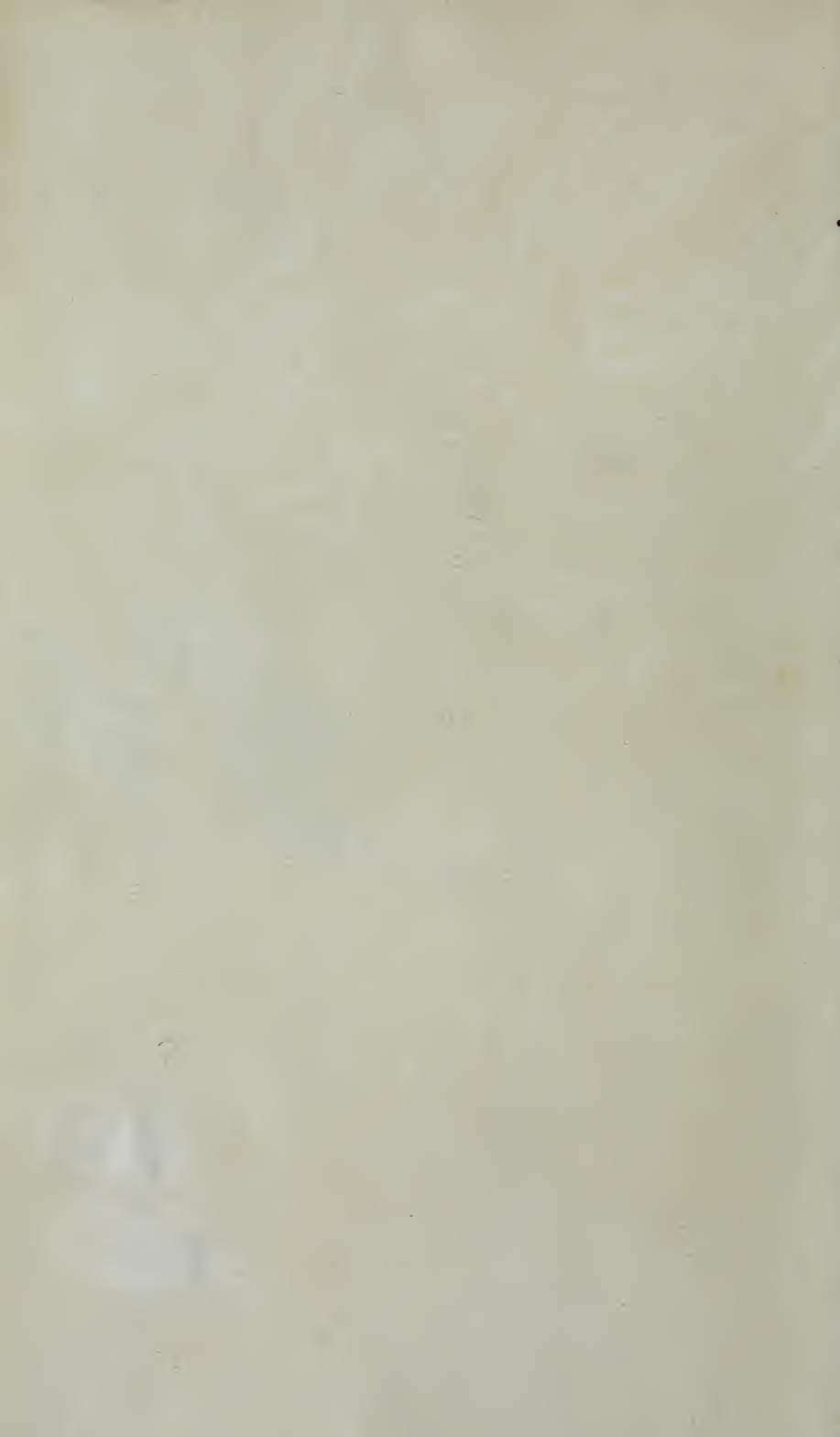




Ulrich Middeldorf



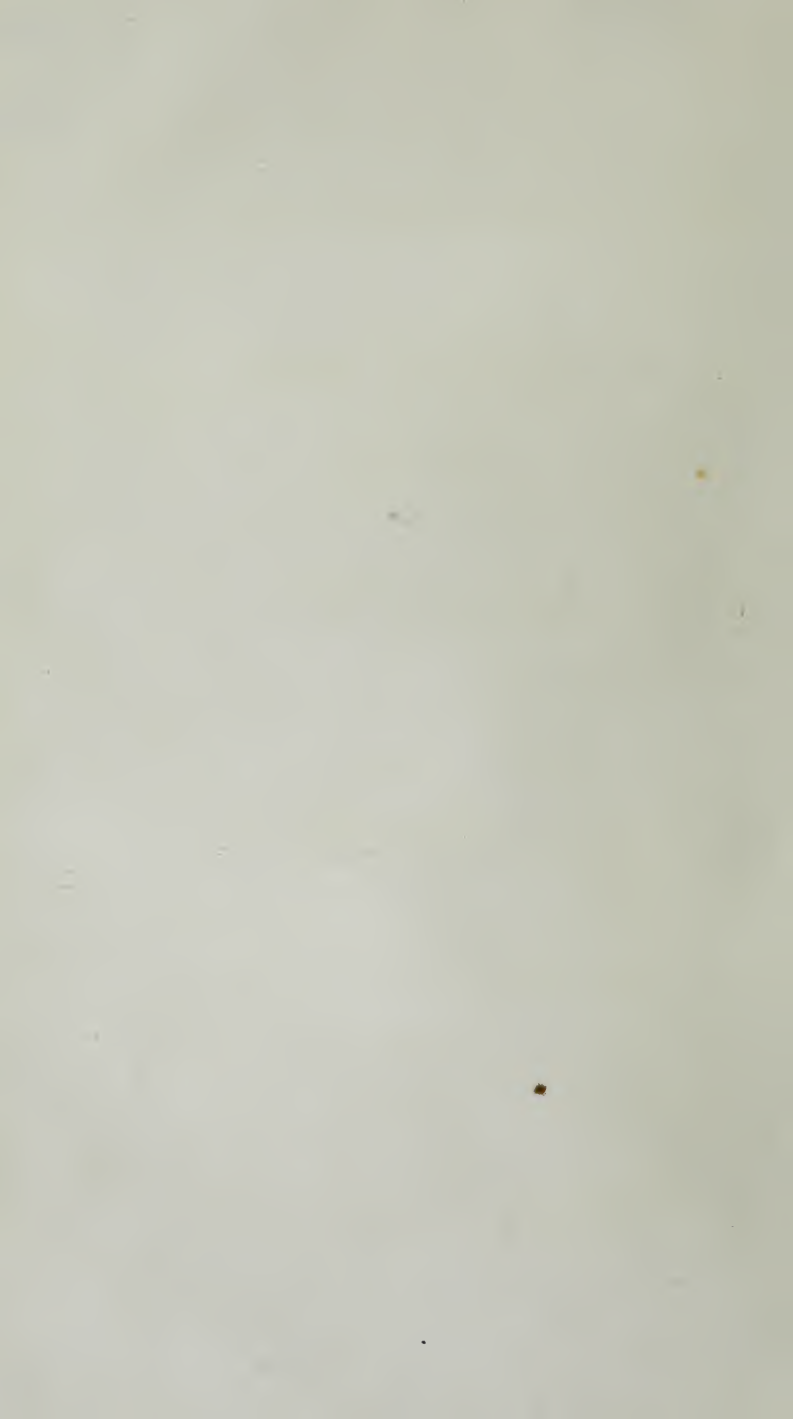


5-95

the

5m

most amusing evening



Kath Howard
1st May 1797

A
HISTORY OR DESCRIPTION,
GENERAL AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL,
OF
Burghley House,
THE SEAT
OF
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
THE EARL OF EXETER.

Here thy well study'd Marbles fix our eye,
A fading Fresco here demands a sigh;
Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace, with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracce's strength, Corregio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

POPE.

Shrewsbury:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. AND W. EDDOWES.

Sold also by T. N. LONGMAN, Paternoster Row, CADELL and
DAVIES, Strand, B. and J. WHITE, Fleet Street, and
FAULDER, Bond Street, London.

1797.

DEDICATION

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

HENRY CECIL,

EARL OF EXETER, LORD BURLEIGH,

LL. D. AND RECORDER OF STAMFORD, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

GROSSLY should I abuse the generous indulgence, which your Lordship has been pleased to grant me, of laying the present trifle at your Lordship's feet, did I suffer myself to be carried away by a fulsome torrent of panegyric, so common to the writers of the last and present age, in their Dedications, and so odious, I am convinced, to a Nobleman of your Lordship's unaffected greatness of mind.

For

For praise to operate on the wise and great, it should be offered up by the hand of a master, and a high priest of the Muses alone; but, as the Author's merit, if he has any, is not equal to the hundredth part of your Lordship's discernment and kindness, and his pen, in so delicate an attempt, seems bereft of both sentiment and language, he simply requests the favor of being permitted to inform the world at large, with how much esteem and gratitude, he has the honor of subscribing himself,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and very highly favored, Servant.

PREFACE.

THOUGH Mr. Harrod has asserted, in the introduction to his History of Stamford, which was published in 1785, that he conceived his Description of Burghley House, and it's exquisite Paintings, which he introduced there, would greatly enhance the value of that work, we find little, upon a careful perusal of it, either to justify or answer it's Author's expectation.

The History or Description of Burghley House, however, as it is given in his second volume, and not Stamford, will now come under consideration; and this, notwithstanding the assistance it derived from that garrulous old Gentleman Mr. Peck, in his Desiderata Curiosa, Mr. Howgrave, and others, is so highly defective and erroneous, that it still leaves a large portion of this rich mine of Curiosities unexplored.

To

To call forth the various splendors of this Mine, and to set them in their proper array, is the arduous design of the present little piece; which, though it come very far short of perfection, exhibits a more neat, elegant, and extensive description of the Palace of Burghley than any, I humbly conceive, that has ever yet appeared. Whatever the defects of the preceding Authors on this subject, however, may be, the obligations I owe them are, indeed, very great; for, though I may have laid the various parts of this literary structure with some symmetry, a very considerable part of the rough materials has been furnished for me by their hands. I have not only comprised almost all that Mr. Harrod has already written on this subject, in a more correct and elegant style; but adopted into my text many of the crude notes, which his colleague, Mr. Lowndes, a surgeon of Stamford, presented him, arranging them in a more polished and methodical manner.

Though my acknowledgments to Lord Orford, Mr. Peck, and others, are likewise highly due, it is necessary to observe, that I was permitted to reside at Burghley, for three weeks, in which time I took of every thing a general memorandum; so, that the greater quantity of matter, which forms the substance of the present volume, is still really new and original, and, therefore, more immediately the Author's own.

own. In the discussion of so lively a Theme, I have no where, I conceive, been betrayed into dulness; and, as a writer's digressions, if natural and not far fetched, composed of animated sentiments and observations, are the most pleasing illustrations of plain facts, the reader will find a vein of this kind, which pervades the whole work. Happy shall I be, if this vein be deemed both rich and sterling, as it is evidently a vein, from which neither Mr. Harrod nor Mr. Lowndes, the surgeon, hath drawn much ore nor much blood.

To the ingenious gentlemen, however, of the art of painting my best apologies are to be offered, for my want of technical skill, and the very unsatisfactory manner, in which, I am afraid, I have set forth the paintings of Burghley; but, as I have endeavoured to atone for it, by some decorations of style, I hope they will, with all their criticism, throw this defect out of view, into the back grounds, or shady side of the Work.*

* When the Author speaks of the decorations of style, he alludes to the advantage, which his own performance, from superior attention to the subject, may be supposed to possess over the performances of others, who have written upon it in a very hasty, confused and inaccurate manner. As good and bad are terms merely relative, the reader may form his judgment, in this respect, by a careful and impartial perusal of each, and all, of these.

HISTORY
OF
BURGHLEY HOUSE.

SECTION I.

BURGHLEY HOUSE, the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of EXETER, so long the admiration of taste, stands in the County of NORTHAMPTON, about a mile from the venerable old Town of STAMFORD, in LINCOLNSHIRE; and, though it has been built more than two hundred years, it seems not, as yet, to have felt the devastations, or, if we may be allowed the expressions, the furrows or wrinkles of time.

It was reared, as Mr. PECK informs us, in his "*Desiderata Curiosa*," all in free stone; and, extending North, East, West, and South, completes a beautiful
B parallelogram,

parallelogram, when measured by the inner court, of a hundred and ten feet by seventy. *A parallelogram is its true shape*; which, as preceding authors of the Histories of BURGHLEY have omitted to mention, we now set down with becoming precision. From ancient times to the present, both antiquaries and historians have written it BURLEIGH, affixing to different orthography exactly the same sound. It was sometimes written BURWELL; and, sometimes, BURLEY, the manner in which the Earl of WINCHELSEA spells the name of his contiguous seat of BURLEY, on the hill. To put it, however, entirely out of dispute, the Earls of EXETER commanded its true spelling to be carved in the arched ceiling at the western entrance, in the year 1577; and carved it was, accordingly, in relief BURGHLEY, and *not* BURLEIGH.

It is said, by the author quoted above, to have been bought of King EDWARD, (by whom we imagine he means EDWARD the Confessor) for eight marks of gold, by LEOFRIC, Abbot of PETERBOROUGH, in 1063; and, as the mark is but thirteen shillings and fourpence, the amount of the sum given for it, when multiplied by eight, is just five pounds six shillings and eight pence; a price so small, in modern days, even for ordinary matters, that scarce a lawyer would think it a proper fee.

In Doomsday Book, it is said to have been thus described. ‘In Burglea tenet Goisfridus tres vergatas terre de abbate. Terra est ii carrucatarum, in dominio est una; et iii servi, et vij villani cum i bordario: habent i carrucatam. Ibi sex acre prati, et iii acre silvar.

silver. valuit x solidos; modo xi solidos:’ the sense of which is thus rendered in English; ‘GOISFRID holds three virgates of land in BURGLE of the Abbot. All the lands amount to two carrucates; one is in demesne, and three servants and seven villains, with one bordarius: they have one carrucate, there are six acres of meadow, and ten acres of wood, formerly let for ten shillings, now for forty shillings.

Such is the barbarous latin of those days, and such the confused translation of no very clear nor elegant antiquarian. The words *virgates*, *carrucates* and *bordarius* are now so obsolete, that a modern dictionary can scarce explain them.

The author, however, goes on by quoting HUGO CANDIDUS, who says, that GEOFFRY de WINTON is chief tenant in BURLEE. WILLIAM of BURGLEE holds three hides, and one virgate and a half in NORTHAMTONSCIRE, to wit in BURGLEE and ARMISTONE. As a hide of land is explained, “so much as might be ploughed with one plough within the compass of a year, or so much as would maintain a family,” three hides could, certainly, have been no very contemptible estate.

Wishing to render the following sheets as entertaining as possible, we shall not detail all the dry, uninteresting matter, which the labour of tedious antiquarians have amassed on this subject; but pass immediately on to the period, when BURGHLEY first came into the possession of RICHARD, the father of Sir

WILLIAM CECIL, who was created Baron of BURGHLEY, in 1571, by his sovereign Queen ELISABETH.

In 1360, says my author, THOMAS SPOFFORD, Vicar of St. ANDREWS, in STAMFORD, and others, entailed the lands of ROBERT WYKS, Lord of BURGHLEY, to the children of the said ROBERT successively, viz. EDMUND, NICHOLAS, and THOMAS, which last was Lord of BURGHLEY, and had a numerous issue. This gentleman, having a son named GARVIS, who was chief magistrate of STAMFORD in 1401, he succeeded of course to the Manor of BURLEIGH; as did also, HENRY, his grandson, who was a Vicar of ALL SAINTS, and who died in 1508. MARGARET, his cousin, however, who succeeded him, sold the manor, at last, to RICHARD CECIL, the father of the famous treasurer and founder. Mr. PECK observes, that the family of this great man was descended from one in Wales, and that the first of them, whom we read of, is ROBERT SITSILT; who, in the reign of WILLIAM RUFUS, helped to conquer GLAMORGANSHIRE; but that his name, according to VERTEGAN, was derived from the Roman Cæcili. But a rose, as SHAKESPEAR remarks, by any other appellation, would smell as sweet; and as it is out of the power of etymology to diminish the founder's reputation, it is more obvious to enquire of his habitation than name.

A vulgar error having started up of late, that BURGHLEY HOUSE was built at the Queen's expense, for which Mr. PECK has given too much cause, it will be well to adduce his Lordship's own words, in refutation of such a charge.

charge. In one of his letters, dated 1585, he says, ' My house of BURGHLEY is of my mother's inheritance, who liveth, and is the owner thereof, and I but a farmer; and for the building there, I have set my walls upon the old foundation. Indeed, I have made the rough stone walls to be square, and yet one side remaineth as my father left it me.'

No one, who considers the obvious exigencies of government, and the great policy, as well as avarice of ELISABETH, will suppose this, notwithstanding the Lord BURGHLEY's great deserts, at all probable. The wish of a wise sovereign to distinguish a favourite will always be checked by a sense of prudence; and, whether the Queen herself, if we calculate her mere private fortune, were so well able to build BURGHLEY HOUSE as the Treasurer, is, indeed, not very clear. If the public money be expended on a subject, whose services deserve reward, it is necessary to gain that public's consent; but, if without, it is an evident instance of injustice; so that, at any rate, the permission of the Privy Council, if not of the whole Legislature, is requisite to sanction so extraordinary a step. In this manner, we conceive the edifices and possessions of BLENHEIM were bestowed upon JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH; and every other present of the Crown upon a subject, since Prerogative has been properly defined. The interest of sovereign and people is so inseparable, that the statesman or general, who deserves well of the former, deserves well of the latter; and where there is a mutual participation of benefit, there seems also in each, an equal title to reward him; but even to imagine that the people of those days, who were just
beginning

beginning to grow rich, should concur with any sovereign to exalt one subject so eminently above the rest, is, we conceive, to imagine a *vain thing*.

If her Majesty, however, was thus liberal to her Treasurer, the Lord BURLEIGH, what becomes of her justice to her secretary, Sir FRANCIS WALSHINGHAM, who literally died so poor, that he scarcely left enough to bury him? If it be asked, where the old foundation was, to which Lord BURGHLEY alludes in his letter, we reply, the old foundation of the Minster of BURGHE, which the Abbot of PETERBOROUGH formerly held. On this place a Monastery once stood, which, with its lands, reverting to the Crown, were, by Queen ELISABETH, granted to WILLIAM CECIL, Baron of BURGHLEY, in whose posterity it still continues.

The remains of the Minster of BURGHE are still visible, in the fine old Gothic hall, chapel, and kitchen, on the East side, at BURGHLEY; which, however, are so elegantly united to what the Treasurer then reared, as at present to harmonize with it, in a most natural and agreeable manner. It was, we are informed, of the order of St. BENNET, and called, from the name of the Church, the Convent or Priory of St. MICHAEL. It was founded in 1156, by WILLIAM WATERVILLE, Abbot of PETERBOROUGH; and dissolved in 1539, after a celibacy of almost four centuries, at the time, we apprehend, when all the Convents were demolished by HENRY the Eighth. The original old deeds and seals, relating to this sacred spot, are deposited

sited in the possession of the Earls of EXETER, who have been, for many years, its true and lawful proprietors.

JOHN THORPE, a capital artist, in the reign of Queen ELISABETH, is said to have given the plan of BURGHLEY HOUSE, BURLEY, on the hill, the Earl of WINCHELSEA's, and some other noblemen's seats, being planned by the same person. By the favour of the Earl of WARWICK, the indefatigable HORACE WALPOLE, the present Lord ORFORD, has been enabled to bring this person to light, who, he observes, designed or improved most of the principal and palatial edifices erected in the reigns of ELISABETH and JAMES the First, though even his name was totally forgotten.

By the same act of condescension, he was empowered to point out a volume of drawings of that individual architect, who has left a folio of plans now in the possession of the same Earl. "There are," says Lord ORFORD, "not many uprights, but several ground plans of some of the palaces and many of the seats of the nobility extant, erected or altered at that period. Of some he names himself the author; of others, he either designed, supervised, or proposed alterations; though, according to the negligence of that age, he is not circumstantial in particulars. There are ground plans of Somers House, of Buckhurst House, in Suffex, an immense pile; of Woolaton; Copthall; Burleigh House; Burleigh on the Hill, (the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's;) Sir WALTER COPE's, now Holland House,

House, at Kensington: Giddy-Hall, in Essex; Audley Inn; Amptill, (now called Houghton) and Amptill old House, another spacious palace, in which CATHARINE of ARRAGON sometime resided, and of which he says he himself gave the plan of enlargement; and Kirby, of which he laid the first stone in 1570. The taste of all these stately mansions," continues the author, "was that bastard style which intervened between Gothic and Grecian architecture; or which perhaps was the style that had been invented for the houses of the nobility, when they first ventured, on the settlement of the kingdom, after the termination of the quarrel between the Roses, to abandon their fortified dungeons, and consult convenience and magnificence; for, I am persuaded, that what we call Gothic architecture was confined solely to religious buildings, and never entered into the decoration of private houses. THORPE's ornaments on the ballustrades, porches, and outsides of windows, are barbarous and ungraceful, and some of his vast windows advance outwards in a sharp angle; but there is judgment in his dispositions of apartments and offices, and he allots most ample spaces for halls, staircases, and chambers of state. He appears also to have resided at Paris, and even seems to have been employed there, at least he gives alterations for the queen mother's house, Faber St. Germain, which I suppose means the Luxembourg in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and a plan of the house of Monsieur JAMMET.

"There are several other smaller seats and houses, in the book, some with the names of the gentlemen for whom they

they were built. One, which he calls Cannons, his Father Fake's house; and another is a whimsical edifice designed for himself, and forming the initial letters of his name I T conjoined by a corridore (which I have expressed by the dotted lines, and explained by this curious triplet,

These two letters I and T,
 Joined together as you see,
 Is meant for a dwelling-house for me;

JOHN THORPE.

“The volume, however,” says the author, “is a very valuable record of the magnificence of our ancestors, and preserves memorials of many sumptuous buildings, of which no other monument remains. There is a draught also of the chapel of HENRY the Seventh, which he says cost 14,000l.”

These observations, as far as they relate to BURGHLEY, seem to partake of both truth and error. Whoever has attentively surveyed the style of architecture, which prevails in the inner court, which we shall soon describe; and the three orders, out of the five, of the Grecian, on the Eastern side; the Doric on the West; and the Gothic on the North and South; will, perhaps, in this respect, assent to their propriety and truth: but, whether he will to his opinion of the barbarous and ungraceful appearance of the ornaments, on the ballustrades, porches, and outsides of the windows, is with us a matter of some doubt. It is well for men, that they are not all so sharp-sighted to imaginary defects, as the owner of Strawberry Hill, whose excessive taste must, in some instances, be found to terminate in
 absolute

absolute disgust. It is probable, however, from our experience of this noble mansion, that the judgment which he allows the architect, in all his edifices, in his dispositions of apartments and offices, halls, stair-cases, and chambers of state, it is a concession very justly granted. Whatever is Lord ORFORD's opinion of THORPE as an architect, he will be found a prince of the art, when compared to Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, in the reign of Queen ANNE, who was yet so approved by the Court, that he was chosen to build Blenheim House, which is reprobated in every point of view by the author.

How well THORPE has succeeded in this structure is evident from the length of time it has been preserved from decay; and from the strength and durability it still seems to predict. We may speak of it as a great English poet somewhere speaks of HOMER,

“ In years it seems, but not impaired by years.”

In this palace, and that of THEOBALDS, the writers of ELISABETH's reign inform us, that the Lord Treasurer kept an honourable and orderly, though an expensive, table. Here he was served by men of quality; as most of the principal gentlemen of England sought to prefer their sons and heirs to his service. Twenty of them, worth 1000*l.* per annum, attended upon him. His ordinary men were worth 3, 5, 10, or 20,000*l.* each. According to them, who it is most probable expressed themselves by allegory, his harvest lasted every day for above thirty years together; wherein he allowed some of his servants the same courtesy

Boaz granted to Ruth, viz. to glean even among the sheaves; and humanely suffered some handfuls to fall on purpose for them, whereby they raised great estates.

As we shall digress a little upon the Lord Treasurer in its proper place, we shall now proceed upon the present subject, the History of BURGHLEY; and endeavour to do all possible justice to those curiosities and reliques of art, with which the zeal and ingenuity of his posterity have been pleased to embellish it.

SECTION

SECT II.

IT is past dispute, that some of the most magnificent structures, the most magnificently embellished, are to be found in the free and commercial kingdom of Great Britain ; for, where can magnificence so boldly exalt her head, as in a land of opulence and freedom ? To speak in minute terms, therefore, of a fabrick, evidently one of the most splendid in all Europe, which WILLIAM the Third, as we are informed by Mr. PECK, a hundred years ago, pronounced much too gorgeous for a subject, and where every thing, both without and within, cries aloud for investigation, is our attempt, though perhaps a very arduous one, in the present work.

As it probably appears, to authors of good talents, too trivial to confine them to the subject of the single house of any individual nobleman or gentleman, it is generally left to those who can write upon nothing else ; and hence it is, why so few productions of this kind possess either merit or amusement. Like barren
hand.

hand-posts, on Bagshot Heath or Finchley Common, they seem, indeed, to point us out a way; but, on the journey, enliven us with no sentiment, and regale us with no observation. If, therefore, we differ from all our predecessors who have trod in these by-paths, it is to escape the brambles, which incommode them; and to render our excursion to the reader both pleasant and agreeable.

The reputation of BURGHLEY, co-operating with its vicinity to Stamford, which stands on the great public North road, attracts great multitudes of foreigners to view it; and it is not a little amusing to observe, as we have, sometimes, a young couple, just in their honey-moon, on their return from Scotland, frisk about and divert themselves here, while the old people are scolding them at home.

As soon as a stranger has gone about a furlong and a half to the left out of St. Martin's, as he leaves Stamford, he finds himself at the bottom of a venerable grove or vista of old oaks, the contemporaries of the house, which lead on towards the park. So thickly are they set, and so closely intermingled are their boughs, that they form, even at noon-day, a darkness visible; and, at the other end, of considerable distance, a sort of twilight, like the glimmering of a small taper. What Druids, in the old superstitious times, have wandered here we know not; though the neighbouring inhabitants, every Sunday, explore them, as they go towards the park, the place of their usual Sunday's recreation.

The

The land is not, exactly in this spot, either bold or rich; and rather offends, than captivates the eye, with one uniform, continued flat. As soon, however, as we get to the park wall, ascending a stile of a few steps to the right, it begins greatly to improve; and, while we leave the melancholy moping knell of Stamford behind, perceive our road wind gradually up a gentle ascent, encompassed by a number of fine trees, disposed with great elegance and grandeur. The numerous herds of deer, droves of spotted cows, and flocks of Spanish sheep, which rise up on all sides, to greet us, form a fine picture of antediluvian bliss; and, while imagination is amused, through the trembling foliage, by transient and perspective views of this magnificent abode, the projector appears, with great taste, to delay the gratification of that curiosity, which he so ingeniously excites. It opens, however, upon us, at last, from the North-West, with a sort of gloomy, terrific grandeur; and the variety of turrets, towers, and cupolas, with which it is adorned on all sides, seem rather to bespeak the solemn decorations of a Gothic temple, than the more snug and familiar embellishments of a modern house. So far hath ornament been made subservient to utility, that the chimnies, which, as they are too frequently built, manifest an air of insignificance, are all formed at BURGHLEY in the shape of huge doric pillars, elegantly connected at top by a freeze and cornice of the same; so that they appear more suitable conductors for the fumes of flaming censers, than for the noxious smoke of less sacred fuel.

Some have compared BURGHLEY HOUSE, when viewed at a distance, to a neat small town; nor does the comparison, upon a close inspection of all its parts, appear forced or far-fetched. The objection which an elegant contemporary author made to it, with other old houses, that it was reared behind a hill, and does not command Stamford, as it might, seems, in a great measure, overcome; as its prospect is now evidently improved, and takes in, between a very natural vista, a North-West view of the steeple of St. Martin's church, in that town.

On the South side of BURGHLEY, we observed a young artist, seated on one of the banks of the river, and endeavouring to take a draught of it; but the objection, which was raised by Mr. PECK, to the drawing of LANGFORD, from the South, that he sat upon the ground, and was not, for that reason, so well able to take the chapel spire, the towers, and pinnacles, of the proper size, may, we imagine, with equal propriety, be made to that from the hand of this gentleman.

Here it may be well to pause for some time; and, while the artist is intent on his pencil, to contemplate an object, with which, in our intercourse through life, we do not meet very often. No palace of either sovereign or subject excites ideas of the sublime or beautiful, we apprehend, in a more eminent degree. The fabrick of Blenheim, or even Stow, so long the theme of poets and connoisseurs, does not, in some respects, whatever may be due to the beauty of
their

their grounds, so highly inspire veneration. In aspect, a lighter Castle of some ancient Baron, it seems to control the scene on which it stands; and, mocking the vicissitudes of nature, defies the howling hurricanes from without. CROMWELL, when he beheld it, forgetting his rage for destruction, paid it that obeisance, which the supreme conqueror of Macedon once shewed to the high priest of the Jews; and, charmed with its magnificence, displayed his republican generosity, by depositing his own picture among those of its fine collection!

Here then, with permission, will we enter; and if, oh stranger, the cares of life sit heavy upon your heart, may you be able to dispel them; and, while you gaze upon these exquisite productions of art, experience, at least, a transient mitigation of sorrows.

Within the large circle, described by the high iron rails and iron gate, before the North door, which is the proper front, there formerly stood a large piece of water; but, as soon as Mr. BROWN had formed the beautiful serpentine river, which now adorns BURGHEY, it was, with his usual discernment, filled up; and gave way to the round green, as an embellishment more pleasing and natural. Had the family no inducement from taste, they had, it seems, from experience, to effect this; as the death of one of the preceding Earls was occasioned by a cold, which he caught in lingering too long about his ponds.

Though

Though the general approach is by the porter's lodge, here is the proper entrance for the carriages of men of high rank, as the coach road goes quite round the grass plat, forming the circumference of about a furlong; and, from the gate to the steps, the distance of about one hundred and ten yards. On each side of the north door is a platform, extending ninety by eighteen, each way, which, with the intermediate breadth of the threshold, completes a front of near two hundred feet. It is by an ascent of nine large semi-circular steps, that we now enter the house; which, in the middle, on this side, forms the segment of a circle, by projecting, with a sort of cumbersome grandeur, a great way, from the very foundation to the roof. The great hall, at the entrance, is forty four by twenty eight, and supported by twelve Ionic columns of Sienna Scaglioli; the sides of which are adorned with that composed of Brocatello. The pavement is very handsomely laid with small squares of black and white marble; which extend in triangular chequered lines, resembling the surface of a board of draughts or backgammon.

Nearly opposite the great door, and a little on the right of that which opens from the middle court, stands a figure of Bacchus, which the late Earl, at a great expense, purchased at Rome. Among the many Bacchus's of the antients, it would be difficult to say what Bacchus this is, as Apollo and he, by the Romans, were generally drawn young; but, by the Greeks, the last under each stage of life, as they suited him to the four seasons of the year. In the coins of the

c

Thebans,

Thebans, Naxians, and Thasians he appeared old, under which form, they called him, not DIONYSIUS, but ZAGREUS. The figure of BACCHUS, however, as here represented, though well proportioned, scarce exceeds five feet above the pedestal; which is itself three feet two inches in height. His right arm, in the hand of which he holds the cup, appears to have been joined to his body at the shoulder, from which it was formerly lopped off. Similar accidents seem to have happened to his left thigh, left wrist, and right knee: no bad emblems of some of those disasters to which too many of his votaries are exposed. It appears, in short, as if we could trace the antiquity of BACCHUS, like the valour of an old Roman, from the number and variety of his wounds.

On the left of the hall, is a large commodious parlour, in which the late Earl was accustomed to reside. With six fine niches in the sides, it contains a very excellent organ; which, when played of a Sunday, attracts a great concourse of strangers to the park gate: on the right is the Earl's Library, which, if it be not as large as some public Libraries, proceeds from there being another, equally large, in the same house. In this, besides a great number of elegant authors, there are several manuscripts and maps, and, with a fine bust of Sir JOSEPH BANKS, the President of the Royal Society, a very excellent Air Pump, upon a large scale, with all the requisite apparatus. As we shall speak of this Library, in detail, upon a future occasion; we shall now hasten to the centre of the middle court, in order to view all the beauty and
magnificence

magnificence there. The east side, then, as it is viewed from hence, is the most grand and superb of the four, as it exhibits three distinct orders of architecture, the DORIC, the IONIC, and the CORINTHIAN, rising one above the other, with large niches on each side. Just above the CORINTHIAN, which is the uppermost of the three, the eye is struck with the sight of two stone Lions rampant, the supporters to the family arms, ten or twelve feet in size, which, with paws advanced, seem to support a dial, hardly inferior to one of the largest cathedral! Leaving the lions at its base, the spire of the chapel tapers up from hence, for many, very many feet more; and so admirably is it put together, that it is scarcely in the power of the beholder, with the largest magnifying glass, to discern the adhesion or connection of its separate stones. Just above the dial, the date of the Year 1585, in which this part of the pile was finished, is affixed in large gilt figures very legibly expressed; which, when deducted from the present year 1797, will prove it just two hundred and twelve years of age. There is, on this side, before the chapel, just over the arched gate way below, an arch of nearly the same size; in which is placed the bust of King WILLIAM the Third.

As the pillars and their torusses, at the opposite western end, are of the plain Doric, we shall say but little of them; neither shall we be prolix on the north and south sides of the court, the windows of which are of the pure modern Gothic. Four capacious gateways, with four parallel corresponding folding doors, behind them, on the four sides, face

each other; each extending in an elliptical arch about nine feet in breadth and the same in height. Between four small plats of well mown grass, a regular stone walk extends from and to each, according to the size of the parallelogram.

Four faces had the dome, and every face,
Of different structure, but of equal grace;
Four brazen gates on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The fourfold walls in breathing statues grace;
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in stone.

POPE.

The tops and corners of the ballustrades of the building, which are elegantly light, are adorned on all the sides, with small Doric stone vessels, here and there, in the shapes of urns and water pots; which, perhaps, receive no little ornament, in their turn, from the grey moss with which time has strewed them.

Some fire works being exhibited at BURGHLEY, a few months ago, the Earl was requested by the conductors, to permit them to be let off in the inner court, as a situation that would shew them, enclosed as it is, on all sides, to more advantage than the shrubbery or park; but, as the most distant possibility of danger to such a house ought to outweigh a thousand probabilities of safety, the Earl, very properly, thought it prudent to refuse them. Had ELISABETH and the
Lord

Lord BURGHLEY discussed their schemes of state in this middle court, they would, in all probability, have seemed, to a person in the attic story, from its great height, like the mere murmuring surges, which break at the base of Dover Cliff. Having premised thus much of the subject, we shall now seriously invoke the kind reader's attention to the rest; and conclude this essay to our noble patron with that enthusiastic sentiment of Virgil to the great Mæcenas.

Tuque ades, inceptumq; unâ decurre laborem,
O decus, ô famæ meritò pars maxima nostræ,
Mæcenas, pelagoq; volans da vela potenti.

SECTION

SECT. III.

IN going to see the house, says Mr. PECK, strangers were formerly conducted to a room below stairs, where were the pictures of the then Earl and his friends, the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. This room, he observes, was called Bedlam, and the company Bedlamites; being a society, founded by that Earl's grandfather, in an innocent frolick, which has been, says he, ever since, till of late, kept up, with much elegance and mirth. Every person, on his admission, was accustomed to send his own picture, in which was drawn the figure of the bird or beast, which, for the sake of distinction or humour, he chose to be called after. On festivals and birth days, they all met together, by themselves. At which times, by the ancient statutes of the order, which I have seen, says Mr. PECK, if any gentleman called a brother by any other name than that of the bird or beast in his picture, he was liable to a penalty of five shillings, which was given to one Mr. Clarke, an ancient decayed gentleman, then secretary of the order. When
any

any member died, after his picture had been removed, the gilded frame taken off, and a black one put on, it was hung up in a room called *dead* Bedlam; and then a new brother was named in the place of the deceased.

Though this extraordinary institution may deserve some comment, when a stranger has thus surveyed the entrance, his admiration will be more forcibly excited, by being introduced to the principal dining parlour, through the inner court, than by immediately turning on the left, and proceeding to it by the way of the cloister. As soon as the door is opened at this end, he must be struck with the four finely fluted Corinthian pillars at the other, richly gilt, with all the magnificent utensils within them; and which, setting off an apartment of 40 feet by 26, adds no little ornament to strength.

From the pillars to the wainscoat, we measured an area of about twelve feet; in which the high mahogany sideboard, with a large silver fountain, and two silver cisterns of a beautiful oval, are principally conspicuous. The value of the smallest cistern is computed, by Mr. HARROD, at the sum of 165*l.* and its weight at 600 *oz.* or 41*lb.* avoirdupois: that of the largest at 825*l.* and its weight also at 3000 *oz.* or 1 *cwt.* 3 *qrs.* 9 *lb.* Both are adorned with two Lions, the family supporters, in solid silver, one at each end, in proportion to its size; the last of which is so enormous, that it reminds us of those brazen lavers,

which were formerly placed in the outer court, of the temple at Jerusalem, for the purification of the Jews.

A maiden lady of the family, (for, indeed, what cannot maiden ladies sometimes perform,) is said to have presented this rich piece of plate to one of the deceased Earls; but, as we do not recollect it mentioned by Mr. PECK, we conceive it has not remained quite a century in its present station. Whether the lady, by introducing it, intended to refresh herself and friends, by an occasional dip, it is hard to say; though, in former times, when dwarfs attended on the great, it would have been no difficult matter to drown them in it. It is supposed the largest piece of plate in all Europe; and, with the weight of its four silver feet, quite sufficient to stagger the powers of an Arabian camel. It seems, indeed, by the swollen and plethoric projection of both its sides, to have been made by the dimensions of a City Alderman of five feet nine, just after a Lord Mayor's feast; or by those of the Lord Mayor himself, after an indolence of twenty years, when he has contracted that fusquepedality of belly, which YORICK imputes to the corporation of Dr. SLOP. Without a fiction, Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, when eluding the pursuits of the jealous FORD, might have concealed himself in it for some time.

Besides these vessels of silver, which, like those of an antient altar, stand always ready for sacrifice, there are four large dishes of gilt crown-plate, which seem their constant companions; and, at first, a metal of still more precious original: on either end of the sideboard, within the
pillars,

pillars, are disposed two urns of excellent mahogany, which are lofty and finely carved; and, though they exhibit no splendour, add a very modest and unaffected grace upon the objects between them. At night, when the lights of the wax candles and different lustres are reflected from these, and the rich gilding of the pillars, the illumination of the whole may easily be conceived; nor will the five fine pictures in this apartment, even at that time, lose much of their art or beauty.

PAULO MATTEI, the artist who drew the fine piece at the bottom of the room, called *The Progress of Time*, is said to have been a Neapolitan; and, though a great painter, remarkable for the inequalities of his attempts; a circumstance often incident to men of genius. The present, however, we conceive obnoxious to no such criticism; and displays, upon canvass, the same fine morality, which the elegant pen of ADDISON, in his celebrated *Vision of MYRZA*, does upon paper. Concluding his mortal career, he, at last, became a prey to the progress of that time he had so finely displayed in the act of mowing down all before it, in 1728, at the age of 67.

Next to this is the *Wife Men's Offering*, by BASSAN. Over the mantle-piece, just opposite the family, when at dinner, is an exceeding fine picture of game; over which, a very expressive resemblance of an old pointer, who seems the sire of a long race of sons, appears to preside. On the right of the sideboard, is the representation of DIOGENES, the famous cynic philosopher, breaking the cup, upon seeing a boy drink

out of his hands. However trifling such an incident may appear to constitute a fine picture, the artist has been by no means deficient in his attempt. It is requisite, however, in order to perceive one part of its merit, to understand the leading features of his character; such as his affectation of appearing to live in a tub, his surly reply to ALEXANDER the Great, and some others. Immediately over the sideboard itself, the fountain and silver cisterns, we must now pay our respects to BONATTI de FERRARA, for the striking manner in which he has here depicted, in a very large piece, the passage of the Children of Israel through the Red Sea. There is, we conceive, scarcely a dining room in the kingdom, especially in so ancient a fabrick, fit to be compared with this, for either elegance, size, symmetry, or magnificence; though the ceiling of a very few may be a little more lofty.

From room to room, and from one door to another, the passages are all commodious and regular; nor do we recollect any of those little, abrupt, and distorted entries, which too often disfigure old houses, otherwise pronounced fine. Regularity, however unpleasant in laying out grounds, is always a beauty in architecture; and of this regularity we cannot exhibit a stronger proof at BURGHELEY, than by saying, when the doors of all the separate apartments, on every side, are flung open wide, that the eye is capable of taking in every thing in a straight line, as far as that line will go. Many a fine house is composed of a sort of patch-work, in which the elegant part stares at the deformed, as if they were born under different climates,

mates, and designed for different ends. But here beauty seems, in every part, to go hand in hand with grandeur and utility; and it is curious to observe, that my Lord BACON, in his Essay upon what he calls a convenient house, appears to plan it, in many respects, like the present.

We were much struck, in being witnesses to a storm of wind and rain, which descended upon it, and at the sublime effects with which it was attended on all sides. The stone-work and the leads reverberating the impetuous shower, in so many different directions, produced a sound as awful as the equinoxial thunder; while the very weight of its Gothic roof, by the element that fell on it, could not but excite something like apprehension.

SECT.

SECT. IV.

ON PAINTING IN GENERAL.

AS the greater part of the HISTORY of BURGHLEY consists of an account of pictures, it will not be foreign to the nature of the present work, before we proceed further on it, to give a short but imperfect epitome of the art of painting in general; and then as we find it in the earliest ages of this country, tracing it down to the present.

Painting is said to have had its rise among the Egyptians: and the Greeks, who learned it of them, if we may believe the stories related of their APOLLO and ZEUXIS, carried it to its perfection. If it arose among the Egyptians, the absurd story of the daughter of DIBUTADES, a potter at Corinth, having discovered the art by drawing the lines of her lover's shadow against the wall, as he slept by lamp light, proves a mere fable.

It has been asserted, that the ancients, instead of drawing the imagination, like the moderns, through
uninteresting

uninteresting links of successive ideas, by several minute expressions of the pencil, collected all its powers to one strong point or passion; and that, as one forcible expression has more power in affecting the soul, than several that are weak, in this their excellence, in some measure, was supposed to lie. When we are told that the *Venus Anadyomene*, or *Venus rising from the sea*, painted by *APELLES*, was sold for 19,375*l.* English, it excites our admiration of ancient art, though the picture on the same subject, at *BURGHLEY*, painted by *TITIAN*, so eminently famous, awakes nearly the same sentiments.

Of moderns, the Romans were not without considerable masters in this art, in the latter times of the republic, and under the first emperors; but the inundation of barbarians, who ruined Italy, proved fatal to painting, and almost reduced it to its first elements; nor was it recovered in Europe till the age of *JULIUS II.* and *LEO X.* This last revolution in the history of painting has given occasion for distinguishing it into ancient and modern.

The ancient painting comprehends the Greek and Roman: the modern has formed several schools, each of which has its peculiar character and merit. It was in Italy, however, that the art afterwards returned to its ancient honour, and about the middle of the thirteenth century, when *CIMABUE*, born at Florence, A. D. 2140, betaking himself to the pencil, translated the poor remains of the art, from a Greek painter or two, into his own country: he was second-
ed

ed by some Florentines. The first who got any reputation was GHIRLANDO, MICHAEL ANGELO's master, born in 1449; PIETRO PERUGINO, RAPHAEL URBIN's master, born in 1446; and ANDREA VEROCCHIO, LEONARDO da VINCI's master, born in 1432. But these scholars vastly surpassed their masters; they not only effaced all that had been done before them, but carried painting to a pitch from which it has ever since been declining. It was not by their own noble works alone, that they advanced painting, but by the number of pupils they bred up at the schools they formed. ANGELO, born in 1474, in particular, founded the school of Florence; RAPHAEL, born in 1483, the school of Rome; and LEONARDO, born in 1445, the school of Milan; to which must be added, the Lombard school, established about the same time, and which became very considerable under GIORGIONE, born in 1477, and TITIAN, born also in 1477. Besides the Italian masters, there were other very great ones, on this side the Alps, who had no communication with those of Italy; such were ALBERT DURER, in Germany; HOLBENS, in Switzerland, LUCAS, in Holland; and others in France and Flanders; but Italy, and particularly Rome, was the place where the art was practised with the greatest success; and, where, from time to time, the greatest masters were produced. To RAPHAEL's school succeeded that of the CARACCIOs, which has lasted in its scholars almost to the present time; wherein the French painters, by the munificence of LOUIS the Fourteenth, seem almost in a condition to vie with those of Greece or Italy. It must be acknowledged, that

that paintings in oil are liable to decay and fade; whereas the vehicle, whatever it was, used by the ancients, gave their works an advantage over those of the most celebrated moderns, in point of duration. PAUSANIAS describes the paintings in the Poikile, at Athens, without the least intimation that they were decayed or faded, in the course of six hundred years; and the ancient picture called the Aldobrandine Marriage, now to be seen in the palace of that name at Rome, continues to this day a fine picture, though, probably, painted two thousand years ago. Besides the vehicle of the ancients did not change or corrupt the pigments tempered with it: the Aldobrandine Marriage and those at Herculaneum being evidences to this purpose. The art of painting in oil was unknown to the ancients, as writers on this subject have generally supposed; and the invention of it has been uniformly ascribed to a Flemish painter, one JOHN VAN EYCK, or JOHN DE BRUGES, who is said to have first discovered and put it in practice, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, or about 1410. Before his time all the painters wrought in fresco, or in water colours. A late writer has produced several arguments to prove, that painting in oil was known, if not to the ancients, long before the pretended discovery of JOHN and HUBERT VAN EYCK. The claims of this artist are founded on the testimony of VASARI, in his lives of the painters, first published in 1566; a writer who was neither a contemporary nor countryman of VAN EYCK, as he wrote and published his book, one hundred and fifty years after his death. Before VASARI's time it does not appear, that any Flemish or Dutch

historian

historian has ascribed this invention to their countryman, nor among the high encomiums on JOHN VAN Eyck, as a painter, in his epitaph in the church of St. Donat, at Bruges, is there any mention of his having invented oil painting. Besides, instances occur, that are recorded by several writers, of Flemish oil paintings, which were executed before the time of the supposed inventor: and Mr. HORACE WALPOLE, now Lord ORFORD, in his "Anecdotes of Painting in England," has produced some unquestionable facts, which prove, that oil painting was known and practised in this kingdom long before the time in which VAN Eyck is reported to have invented it in Flanders. Among several arguments and facts, to the same purpose, it is alledged that THEOPHILUS, in a treatise "De Arte Pingendi," discovered in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, who is supposed to have lived in the tenth or eleventh century, describes the method of making linseed oil for the use of painters, and gives two receipts for making oil varnish.

Mr. VERTUE had taken great pains to prove that painting existed in England, before the restoration of it in Italy, by CIMABUE 1250. That we had gone backwards farther in the science almost than any other country is evident from our coins, on which there is no more of human similitude, than an infant's first scrawl of the profile of a face; and so far, therefore, as badness of drawing approaches to antiquity of ignorance, we may lay in our claim to very ancient possession. The earliest place in a catalogue of English painters is due to St. WOLSTAN, Bishop of Worcester,

celster, in 1062, or at least to ERVENIUS, or ERWEN, his master. The first evidences in favour of the art are drawn from our records, which Mr. VERTUE had carefully consulted, when he found the following entries.

“ MCCXXVIII A°. 12 Hen. 3 m. 3. Rex thes. et camer suis salutem. Liberate cuidam pictori 20s. ad cameram magni scaccarii depingendam.” And again, “ MCCXXXIII Liberate A°. 17 Hen. 3. m. 6. Mandatum est Vicecomiti Southon, quod cameram regis lambruscatam de Castro Winton. depingi faciat eisdem historiis et picturis quibus fuerat prius depicta. Et custum, &c. computabitur. Teste Rege apud Kiderminster. 3 die Junii.”

Some Antiquaries, however, have ascribed the introduction of painting, into this island, to the venerable Bede. In Aubrey's MS. survey of Wiltshire, in the library of the Royal Society, he says, on the authority of Sir W. DUGDALE, that the first painted glass, in England, was done in King JOHN's time. It is said, that the original copy of MATTHEW PARIS, with miniatures, in the British Museum, was certainly a present to this King from the Author. From these few testimonies, and many which we are obliged to pass over, it appears that HENRY III. was a great encourager of the arts.

From the reign of HENRY III. Mr. VERTUE could discover no records relating to the Arts for several reigns. During the reigns of the two first

EDWARDS, I find, says my author, no vestiges of the art, though it was certainly preserved here, at least by painting on glass. In that of EDWARD the First, however, Bishop LANGTON built a palace and hall, at Lichfield, in which was painted the ceremony of the coronation. Of the third EDWARD, says Mr. VERTUE, many portraits are preserved at Windsor, in illuminated MSS. and elsewhere. As he has not marked where these limnings exist, I can give no account of them myself, nor refer the reader to the inspection of them. But there is a portrait taken from a bust of the same age, the face of which is far from being executed in a contemptible manner. It represents that artist and patron of the Arts, WILLIAM of Wickham, Bishop of Winchester, and Prime Minister to EDWARD the Third. The Black Prince was represented on glass, in a window at the west end of Westminster Abbey; and Mr. ONSLOW, the late Speaker, had a head of the same Prince, which there is great reason to believe was painted at the same time. The person of RICHARD the Second is still preserved in the most lively manner, in two different pictures. The first, a whole length, in the Abbey of Westminster; the other, at the Earl of Pembroke's, at Wilton, a small piece consisting of two tablets, on which are represented the King kneeling, accompanied by his patron saints, &c. To the bottom of this picture are affixed these words, "Invention of painting in oil, 1410. This was painted before in the beginning of RICHARD the Second, 1377, &c."

The painters, employed by HENRY the Third, appear to have been Italians; and, yet it is easy to vindicate

vindicate the secret of painting in oil from them, at least I can prove that they must have found the practice here, not have brought it over with them; for we are told expressly, that in Italy they knew of no such method. When some of JOHN AB EYCK'S pictures were carried to ALPHONZO, King of Naples, the Italian painters were surprised, says LANDRART, "*quod aquâ purgari possent coloribus non deletis.*" HENRY IV. is extant at Hampton Court, in Herefordshire, formerly his palace, a copy, or duplicate of which is at Kensington. The fine east window, in the Cathedral of York, was painted in this reign, at the expense of the Dean and Chapter; who contracted with JOHN THORNTON, glazier, of Coventry, to execute it, and shews how able an artist he was. HENRY V. is likewise painted on board, at Kensington, and on vellum in some MS.

In the reign of HENRY the Sixth, our field begins to grow less barren. Many portraits of the King himself are preserved, as on board at Kensington, and on glass, in the chapel of King's College. Sir W. DUGDALE has incidentally preserved some memorials of the state of painting, in the reigns of our earliest princes. HENRY VI. himself, I suppose, had no taste for the Arts—the turbulent ambition of his Queen left her as little. In this reign JOHN DE WETHAMSTED, Abbot of St. Alban's, a man of great learning and merit, adorned the chapel of our lady there, with various paintings; as he did the sides of the church, and his own lodgings; under all which paintings he caused mottoes and inscriptions to be placed. The

portraits on glass, in the windows of the college of All Souls, at Oxford, were painted in his reign.

We find but small traces of the Arts having flourished under EDWARD IV. His picture on board, stiff and poorly painted, is preserved at Kenfington. The whole length of him at St. James's, in a night-gown and black cap, was drawn many years after his death by BELCOMP. Few charms can be discovered in his favourite JANE SHORE, preserved at Eton, and probably an original. There is another portrait of her in the Provost's Lodge, at King's College, Cambridge. It is painted on board, and, from the meanness of the execution, seems to be original. RICHARD the Third appears in another old picture at Kenfington. Names of Artists in these reigns, of which even so few authentic records exist, are not to be expected.

HENRY VII. being neither ostentatious nor liberal, genius, of course, had no favour from him. He reigned as an attorney would have reigned, and would have preferred a conveyancer to PRAXITELES. Though painting in his age had attained its brightest epoch, no taste reached this country.

The accession of HENRY VIII. brought along with it the establishment of the Arts. He was opulent, grand, and liberal—how many invitations to artists! A man of taste encourages abilities; a man of expense any performers; but, when a king is magnificent, whether he has taste or not, the influence is so extensive, and the example so catching, that even merit has
a chance

a chance of getting bread. HENRY had several painters in his service; and, as FRANCIS invited PRIMATICCIO and other masters from Italy, he endeavoured to tempt hither RAPHAEL and TITIAN. Some performers he did get from that country, of whom we know little but their names. JEROM DI TREVISI was both his painter and engineer; and, attending him in the latter quality to the siege of Boulogne, was killed at the age of thirty six. JOHANNES CORVUS was a Fleming. A serjeant painter in this reign was JOHN BROWN, who, if he threw no great lustre on his profession, was at least a benefactor to its professors. In the 24th of HENRY, he built Painter's Hall, for the company, where his portrait is still preserved, among other pictures given by persons of the society. In this reign flourished the great HANS HOLBEIN, than whom few artists have received more applause.

The reign of MARY, though shorter even than that of her brother, makes a much more considerable figure in the annals of painting. It was distinguished by more good painters than one, the principal of whom was Sir ANTONIO MORE.

The long and remarkable reign of ELISABETH could not but furnish many opportunities to Artists of signalizing themselves. There is no evidence that ELISABETH had much taste for painting; but she loved pictures of herself. In them she could appear really handsome; and yet, to do the profession justice, they seem to have flattered her the least of all her dependants. There is not a single portrait of her that

one can call beautiful. Besides many of her Majesty, we are so lucky as to possess the portraits of almost all the great men of her reign; and, though the generality of painters at that time were not equal to the subjects on which they were employed, yet they were close imitators of Nature, and have, perhaps, transmitted more faithful representations, than we could have expected from men of brighter imagination.

It is well for the Arts, that King JAMES had no disposition to them: He let them take their course. Had he felt any inclination for them, he would probably have introduced as bad a taste as he did into literature. A prince, who thought puns and quibbles the perfection of eloquence, would have been charmed with the monkies of HEMSKIRK, and the drunken boors of OSTADE.

The accession of his son and successor, CHARLES I. was the first æra of real taste in England. As his temper was not profuse, the expense he made in collections, and the rewards he bestowed on men of true genius and merit, are proofs of his judgment. In painting he had so excellent a fancy, that he would supply the defect of art in the workman, and suddenly draw those lines, give those airs and lights, which experience and practice had taught the painter. The king is said not only to have loved painting, but to have practised it. It is affirmed, that RUBENS corrected some of his Majesty's drawings. He purchased, at a great price, the entire cabinet of the Duke of Mantua, then reckoned the most valuable in Europe.

The

The arts were, in a manner, expelled, with the Royal family, from Britain; and the restoration of Royalty brought back the Arts, not taste. CHARLES II. had a turn to mechanicks, none to the politer sciences. The short and tempestuous reign of JAMES the Second, though he himself seems to have had much inclination to them, afforded small encouragement to the Arts. King WILLIAM the Third contributed nothing to their advancement. He was born in a country where taste never flourished, and nature had not given it him as an embellishment to his great qualities. The reign of ANNE, so illustrated by heroes, poets, and authors, was not equally fortunate in Artists. Except KNELLER, there was scarcely a painter of note. As the æras of GEORGE the First and Second were nothing for the better, and we ourselves witness the improvements under GEORGE the Third, it is high time to bring this imperfect Essay to a conclusion.

 SECT. V.

ON leaving the dining for the drawing room, a stranger must necessarily pass through the hall which leads to it. This, though opposite to that at the entrance, and of nearly the same dimensions, is paved with a different sort of marble, though in a very smooth and regular manner. Between the two rooms, a large south folding door, to the left, opens into the shrubbery; and, by its fine glass, admits a very general and cheerful effusion of light. Over the mantle-piece, which is richly carved, is the representation of EURYDICE returning into the flames; and near the cornice of a few of the family, who are disposed with great regularity and order. In this hall it is not too trivial to mention a new constructed machine, which the Earl has introduced, for adjusting the weight of the human body. Though small and delicate, it will admit a giant, as well as a pigmy, to weigh himself on it; and ascertains the bulk of all degrees, from the thinnest curate, to the most gross and corpulent Arch-bishop. We were much amused, in looking over a list of many who had been weighed by it, in times past; and, by observing a S—p—e divine, remarkable for his solicitude

solicitude after the good things of old Mammon, rated at little less than eighteen stone; though, indeed, not until he had been put up to fatten, for a considerable time, at this humane and hospitable retreat.

The drawing room, which we now enter, is hung with crimson damask; and its length thirty feet by twenty seven. The glass, over the chimney piece, is said to have been the largest plate manufactured in the kingdom; and measures, according to one of the former writers of BURGHLEY, exactly seven feet by four. The fire-screen is remarkable, for having been painted by a great and remarkable personage, no less than the famous Dutches of KINGSTON, when Miss CHUDLEIGH, and a maid of honour to the Princess Dowager of WALES. Of this lady the world has been pleased to say much, in its usual style; and which too seldom favours of either real information or truth. Her quarrel with the English ARISTOPHANES, the late SAMUEL FOOTE, is well known to most; but the devil, which she called up at last, to avenge his malicious wit, quite exceeded the power of that wit ever to lay again.

As we speak of two of JORDANO's fine pieces in this apartment, a little further on, his Death of SENECA, and CURTIUS leaping into the Gulph, we shall not enlarge upon them here; but pass immediately to the subject of two more, JUPITER and EUROPA, and that of DIANA and ACTÆON. Great and admirable as true genius appears, in the act of adorning sublime and pathetic truth, it loses something of its lustre, when it descends

descends to mere fable. For this reason, we receive less satisfaction, from the inspection of these, than from some other pieces by the same hand: nor is the sublime mystery which is, sometimes, couched under fiction, able to reconcile it. Though JUPITER, in the form of a bull, is drawn like no other bull; and ACTÆON, in that of a stag, like no other stag, we cannot but regret, that the same fine strokes were not applied to subjects which become them better. If, however, some of the squires of the country, who dissipate large estates upon dogs; or some, who, setting up for philosophers, by searching into nature too far, (which seems implied by ACTÆON's looking upon DIANA naked) make themselves beggars, would attend to the last, it would be well. ACTÆON, pursued by his dogs, expresses no more than what we, alas, too often see, many a worthy country gentleman, through gross misconduct, set at bay by his tenants and dependants: who, in the shape of bailiffs and bullies, too often hunt him through the kingdom.

It is much to be wished, that in so fine a collection of painting as this, there were some person to show it, whose intellects are a little more cultivated than those of a common chamber-maid. What can such a poor girl be expected to know of the bull JUPITER, but what she has seen of the running bull at Stamford? Or of ACTÆON turned into a stag, more than of one of the common deer in BURGHLEY Park? When strangers and pilgrims are, as it often happens, simple, their guides cannot be too knowing and wise. Of this simplicity, at BURGHLEY, many stories are told. Mr. PECK, in his "Desiderata Curiosa," says, that

that among other pictures, there is a curious one of JUPITER and DANAE, merrily enough expressed. JUPITER descends in a shower of guineas, and DANAE holds up her smock to catch them. "But," said one, who came to see the house, "where is JUPITER?" "Why the guineas are he," quoth his friend. This picture still remains. Much of the same complexion is the following. On shewing the house to some strangers, one of them, who we may swear was no roman catholic, observing, that there were many pictures of the holy family mentioned in the inventory, desired the guide to inform her, who that family were? There are other instances, besides these, such as a half blind gentleman running a long nose almost into the bottom of the canvass of a large picture; when the true and proper light, in which it is to be viewed, is, perhaps, at the distance of ten, or even twelve paces back.

We would not retire from the drawing room, without a slight glance at the picture, which hangs over the door, of the Virgin MARY, infant CHRIST, and St FRANCIS, by GUERCINO. The style in which the palms of the hands of the infant turn back, as he stoops forwards, in the lap of the Virgin, in an affectionate manner, towards St. FRANCIS, very much resembles the air of a child, who is beginning to lisp, from the first dawnings of reason; and differs from all the other delineations of the infant CHRIST in this collection. GUERCINO was an Italian, and formed a manner peculiar to himself, with a chiaro-scuro, that gives the greatest relief to objects, and makes them seem

seem palpable. With this, his art was so great, that he deceived both GUIDO and DOMENICHINO.

The picture of SENECA, the philosopher, bleeding to death in a bath, well deserves a more minute consideration. That the sentence of this great man was inflicted by the bloody NERO, with little or no provocation, appears probable from the testimony of the great Lord BACON; who highly commends his administration, in the four years in which he held the reigns of government for his unworthy pupil. Whatever was the tyrant's motive, his sufferings, if a stoic can be said to have any, form the subject of the present picture; which, though excellent, is rivalled by many in the same collection. Mr. PECK, though he seems always anxious to do the fullest justice to the curiosities of BURGHLEY, has, very unluckily, misrepresented the nature of this piece; and observes, in the following *poor prosaic* lines,

“ His scholars faint to see their Master dead,
 “ Each falls his pen, and hangs his drooping head,
 “ And hardly catches what he dying said:”

whereas, the reverse is exactly the true state of the case, for the philosopher is not dead, but dying; and his pupils, so far from dropping their pens, and fainting away, hold them fast in their hands, and pay the most pathetic attention to transcribe his last commands.—Though fiction is admitted a requisite ornament to poetry, if this deserves to be called such, yet surely no fiction was requisite to warp a plain fact. It has been already admitted, that the expression
 in

in SENECA's whole figure is wonderfully great; and the muscles of a spare old man, whose whole life has been in subjection to the principles of the most severe philosophy, are very finely and very faithfully expressed. The painter seems to have taken him, if not at a moment in which life was ready to vanish, yet surely at that when, by the loss of blood, in so old a subject, reason and sensibility must naturally have been supposed to end. His eyes seem to sink in his head; and his approaching dissolution is foretold by the ghastly darkness, which appears to lower over his whole face. Like a stoic and a philosopher, however, he dictates to the last; and points out his sentiments with his hand, when it is evident he has scarcely strength to support his body. But his pupils, who zealously kneel by him, are all attention; and while, alas, their eyes swell with tears, convey the idea of that infirmity, which the soul of their more rigid master spurns with disdain.

MR. PRIOR, the contemporary of POPE and ADDISON, who was much at BURGHLEY, in the time of JOHN Earl of EXETER, has written a short encomium upon this piece; but not in his best manner, nor, in the least, equal to its *real merit*. His sentiments are expressed in the following lines:

While cruel Nero only drains
 The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
 By study worn, and slack with age,
 How dull, how thoughtless is his rage!
 Heighten'd revenge he should have took,
 He should have burnt his Tutor's book;
 And long have reign'd supreme in vice;
 One nobler wretch can only rise;

'Tis he whose fury shall deface
 The Stoic's Image in this piece,
 For, while unhurt, divine Jordain,
 Thy work and Seneca's remain,
 He still has body, still has soul,
 And lives and speaks restored and whole.

Had the Painter's abilities, in his delineation of SENECA's person, been set forth in SENECA's own pompous and nervous sustian, instead of the present creeping measure, it could not, surely, have fallen so far short of what the language of an elegant compliment ought to be. POPE, who was nearly as eminent in painting as he was in poetry, would, without a doubt, if he had written upon it, have expressed himself with more energy and beauty. The lines, as they are quoted above, abound with too many expletives and bad rhymes to please a good ear; and possess but one thought, which is worthy of PRIOR; though that is introduced in a very awkward and ungraceful manner:

"One nobler wretch can only rise,

"'Tis he whose fury shall deface

"The Stoic's Image in this piece."

Mr. HARROD, in his History of Stamford, informs us, that there is a large copper-plate of this picture, engraved by RAVENET, from a delineation of EARLOM, which is 18 inches high, and 23 long. One of these, he observes, hangs in a front parlour of the George Inn, at Stamford. The name of the great Artist, who drew this piece and several others at BURGHEY was LUCA JORDANO, that is, in the Italian

Italian language, LUKE MAKE HASTE; and it was given to him, as a nick-name, because his mercenary father, who sold his designs at a high price, was perpetually saying to him, even at meals, *Luca Fa Presto*. ALGAROTTI calls him a most fertile genius, and the thunderbolt of painting; and it is to this artist Mr. PRIOR seems to allude, when he says, in some lines, which he wrote to the Countess of EXETER, playing on a lute, in a somewhat better style:

“As in some piece, while Luke his skill exprest,
“A cunning Angel came and drew the rest.”

After saying so much of this fine picture, it will, perhaps, surprise our readers to hear, that a little cur dog is placed in the middle of the foreground; and, as he has been supposed by some to debase the grandeur of its other parts, we shall endeavour to prove, by a proper consideration of the painter's design, that he had as good a right to be there as any of the group. In order to account for this, many very vague conjectures have been formed; for, whilst one writer has imagined he is drawn in no frolicksome attitude, and that he looks nearly as wise as SENECA himself; another has been pleased to assign reasons of so very contrary a nature, that the said little Cur, we are convinced, if he had known them, would, without doubt, have barked at them both.

To suppose that the artist could voluntarily debase his own picture, for no cause, would be highly absurd; but, that so *great* a *hand* should possess some *great design*, by this addition, is highly natural and probable.

As,

As, in the sublimer kinds of poetry, there is, sometimes, more than meets the ear; why may there not, in the sublimer kinds of painting, be more than what immediately strikes the eye? Beauties, which exercise the mind, are, sometimes, those which delight us most; and the more we beat the field, the more charming and exquisite is the sport. That SENECA was of that preposterous sect of philosophy, which presumed, not only to curb and direct the passions, but also to annihilate and extinguish them, is well known; and, that he was, if possible, a still greater Martinet, in the school of ZENO, than any of the philosophers of the Portico, is as evident to those who have perused his morals.

A wise and great man, he thought, might, not only endure to be blooded to death, but, upon occasion, without complaint, stand on the scaffold, with his bowels in his hand, and yet preserve his accustomed serenity. Is it not then probable, that JORDANO was acquainted with these hyperbolical sentiments, when he sat down to paint; and, wishing to represent both the philosopher and his sect by a proper emblem, thought he could not do it better than by the figure of a little rough domestic cur dog with a shock head? If pity or commiseration was what, as the first writer supposes, the artist desired to express in the dog, he would have drawn him, as the blood of the great philosopher ran out, like the dog in the *Odyssey*, expiring at the feet of his master: and, either wagging his tail, or licking his hand, with all those symptoms of affectionate concern, which belong to the other individuals of his kind. But, as in doing this, he must have

have broke through his unity of design, and have put human reason into the brute, to enable him to see the effects of SENECA's loss of blood, which is impossible and unnatural; he rather chose to exhibit him a *stoic philosopher*, as he found him. — In this capacity, though unendowed with either knowledge or experience, he is capable of all the same mental insensibility, which the boasted dogmas of the Stoics so very wisely recommend. While the artist has done all possible justice to the piece, in his fine and affecting description of the philosopher and his pupils, he intended by this stroke, no doubt, a tacit satire upon the error of human wit, as well as upon the doctrine of human pride. Spectators, therefore, must be greatly deceived, if they imagine any expression in this animal but that which is of the true Stoical and insensible kind. The dog is now beholding the philosopher expire, with the same unconcern, with which the philosopher would have seen the dog; and, without reason, either to quicken or subdue his feelings, is just as profound a Stoic as himself.

To shew the absurdity of SENECA's own doctrines, he has drawn his pupils oppressed with concern, and unable to follow the lessons of their master, though beings of the highest order; while the less sagacious brute, who neither thinks nor reasons at all, like a real veteran of the Portico, *hits them off to a tittle*. When we consider the subject in this light, we no longer conceive it a blemish; but, rather consecrate the hand of the artist, for having atchieved a *real beauty*. Should we, however, be mistaken at last, we trust our present conjectures will contribute to vindicate the taste of the

artist; and, that what we have now said, of the *philosopher's dog*, is just as much to the purpose, as what others have broached in regard to the *philosopher's stone*.

In the next apartment there is a still greater profusion of fine paintings. Among these are two very fine pieces of the Dead Christ, by VANDYCK, and CARLO MARATTI; and, though a very great judge has pronounced the performance of the first an astonishing picture, we are of opinion, that the natural ghastliness in the last exceeds it much. It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that dissimilar and unequal fates happen, sometimes, as well to pictures as to men; and, that it is not always that which is at first produced with the most exquisite art, which is most exempt from the accidents and disasters of time. The constant dampness of a wall, or the beams of a hot summer sun, which annually strike it, will, sometimes, affect one piece more, in one situation, than it will a neighbouring one in another; so that what was a master-piece, at first, may, in a course of years, appear to less advantage than even one not half its value. This, however, we do not mean to impute to the first of these, as the pictures of CARLO MARATTI are certain to delight in every situation, and in every place. Here is a sublime representation of the Cumæan Sibyl, by GUIDO, with a pen in her right hand, and these words, in the corner of the piece, “*Nascetur de virgine,*” as MR. POPE has poetically translated it;

“A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son.”

which

which are applied, no doubt, from VIRGIL's *Pollio* on the Birth of Christ. The mention of this fine piece by GUIDO, reminds us of an anecdote, which is related by Dr. WHARTON, in his "Essay on the Writings and Genius of POPE," of a circumstance which took place between him and DOMENICHINO, an artist conspicuous at BURGHLEY. "When GUIDO and DOMENICHINO," says the Doctor, "had each of them painted a picture, in the church of St. ANDREW, ANNIBAL CARACCHE, their master, was pressed to declare which of his two pupils had excelled. The picture of GUIDO represented St. ANDREW on his knees before the cross; that of DOMENICHINO represented the flagellation of the same apostle. Both of them, in their different kinds, were capital pieces, and were painted in fresco, opposite each other, to eternize, as it were, their rivalry and contention. "GUIDO," said CARACCHE, "has performed as a master, and DOMENICHINO as a scholar. But," added he, "the work of the scholar is more valuable than that of the master. In truth, one may perceive faults in the picture of DOMENICHINO, that GUIDO has avoided; but then there are noble strokes, not to be found in that of his rival. It was easy to discern a genius, that promised to produce beauties, to which the sweet, the gentle, and the graceful GUIDO would never aspire." Notwithstanding the Doctor's general delineation of GUIDO's style, it is evident, that his *Sibyl*, according to the poet, appears,

"Not touch'd, but wrapp'd; not waken'd, but inspir'd;"

Nor can we imagine his success in the sublime, as it is drawn in this piece, any way inferior to the attempt;

though, whether it be to the sublimity of DOMENICHI-
CHINO, in his pieces at BURGHLEY, of the Assumption
and PETER's Denial, is another matter of consideration.
Far different from that unruffled stream of thought,
which precisely distinguishes contemplation, her eyes
may be seen to roll in a sort of phrensy; and her
whole person, as it were, to labour with the inspiring
God. GUIDO is said to have been the inventor of a
manner peculiar to himself; and, as he principally
excelled in the tender, pathetic, and devout, there is
great reason to suppose this is in his best style. With
all his ingenuity, he left the world, as he came into it,
in extreme indigence, in the year 1642, aged 67.

SECT.

 SECT. VI.

HAVING taken a general view of the pictures in the dining and drawing rooms, and of a few here, the mimic creation will be now found to cluster thick around us, the farther we go; and, did a young artist particularly wish to form his taste, he could not, perhaps, more effectually, than at BURGHLEY, where some of the first productions of the French, Flemish and Italian schools are seen to centre. The compliment which DRYDEN paid individually to Sir GODFREY KNELLER, may, with the alteration of a few words, be applied to all these.

“ More cannot be by mortal art express’d,
 “ But venerable age shall add the rest :
 “ For Time shall with his ready pencil stand,
 “ Retouch the figures with his rip’ning hand;
 “ Mellow the colours and imbrown the tint,
 “ Add ev’ry grace, which Time alone can grant;
 “ To future ages shall their fame convey,
 “ And give more beauties than he takes away.”

POPE, who, of all our poets, possessed the greatest knowledge of the art, does not, however, promise, like

DRYDEN, to even the greatest painters, so extensive a duration of their skill, as may be seen in the following beautiful lines, from his Essay on Criticism :

“ So when the faithful pencil has design’d
“ Some bright idea of the Master’s mind,
“ When a new World leaps out at his command,
“ And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
“ When the ripe colours soften and unite,
“ And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
“ When mellowing years their full perfection give,
“ And each bold figure just begins to live,
“ The treach’rous colours the fair art betray,
“ And all the bright creation fades away.”

“ It has been matter of wonder to some,” says a great Critic, “ that a proficiency in the arts of Poetry and Painting is not now frequently found in the same person. I cannot at present,” observes he, “ recollect any painters, that were good poets, except SALVATOR ROSA, and CHARLES VERMANDER, of Mulbrac, in Flanders, whose comedies are much esteemed. But the satires of the former contain no stroke of that fervid and wild imagination, so visible in his landscapes.” There are some fine pieces at BURGHLEY, painted by SALVATOR ROSA, PETER’S Denial, and some others; but surely this great Critic mistakes, or rather overlooks the characteristic of a true satirist, when he expects from him the same fervid and wild imagination, which is found in the painter of wild nature. Satire, being local and temporary, intended to lash vice, and encourage virtue, is, from its very essence, more a subject of the judgment, than of the imagination; and even, of all
the

the different kinds of poetry, admits least of wild and picturesque beauty.

Notwithstanding the learned author's opinion, we find that **LUCAS DE HEERE**, born at Ghent, in 1534, in the reign of **ELISABETH**, was not only a painter but a poet, as he wrote the *Orchard of Poesie*, and translated, from the French, of **MAROT**, the *Temple of Cupid* and other pieces. He had begun the lives of the English painters in verse; and **CHARLES VERMANDER**, whatever were his abilities, was but his scholar. **CORNELIUS KETTLE**, who was born at Gouda in 1548, wrote descriptions of several of his own works in verse. **FREDERIC ZUCCHERO**, the younger brother of **TADDEO**, and born, like him, at Vado, in the dutchy of Urbino, in the year 1550, with some others, was a poet too.

In returning to the subject of **BURGHLEY**, we must say, the ceilings and hangings, in every apartment, seem to breathe with life of all kinds; from the sensual pagan gods of **ANTONIO VERRIO**, to the very famous wild cats, and wild plants of **DAVID KONINCK**. When we reflect upon the immense labour and anxiety bestowed upon these; the various art, which is frequently found on the same subject, as that of the Holy Family, the Finding of **MOSES**, the Dead Christ, &c. each excellent in its way, by what eloquence shall we manifest our delight or admiration? In the present apartment, there is a large piece of **ADAM** and **EVE**, lamenting over the body of **ABEL**, glanced at elsewhere; and the Death of **JOSEPH**, by **CARLO CIGNANTI**, of

equal size: but, as we are not confined to a strict method, we shall rove at large, speaking of each with little regard to room or situation.

The large piece which represents a statuary, presenting his first work to Fortune, both for its difficulty and beauty, is entitled to a very great degree of praise. As the statuary appears a real personage on the canvass (Fortune and the statue itself being only fictitious ones) it was requisite, if possible, to draw him in a more striking and impressive manner than either of the other two; and it is but just to say, that this has, accordingly, been done, from the very black, muscular and robust figure which he here makes. His soul appears to rush out at his large black eyes, as he thrusts forward the statue, which is that of a very delicate, beautiful woman, into the embraces of Fortune; who appears to receive it, with great, but unaccustomed, courtesy and grace. Nothing can more forcibly depict that eagerness of soul, peculiar to men of great genius, in any of their exertions, whether of poetry, music, or painting, than this piece. Of equal, but of different, excellence is the picture which represents Prudence in the act of kissing Fortune; both of whom are drawn in the guise of very charming women. As Prudence stoops forwards to salute her friend, she presses her cheek, with the fingers of her right hand, in so natural a manner, that the bare imitation of it appears a *real pressure*. They are both by the same artist, PETRO LIBERO, and inculcate morals highly useful to every purpose of human life: the first, that, without great earnestness and exertion, nothing can be done well; the

the last, that, without Prudence, Fortune herself is but a very delusive and precarious goddess.

Of some other pieces, such as the Virgin, Infant Christ, and St. JOHN, by CARACCHE, the master of GUIDO and DOMENICHINO; Christ and the Woman of Samaria, by CARLO MARATTI; the Entombing our Saviour, by MARIETTO TINTORETTO; the Tribute Money, by MUTIANO, and others, we shall say little but that they are excellent.

The works of SCHIDONE, who drew a picture of the Virgin, Infant Christ, and JOSEPH, at BURGHLEY, are so exceedingly scarce, that, when they are met with, they are not unfrequently ascribed to CORREGGIO and PARMEGIANO. The figures of BORÖCCIO, who drew the Nativity, are so fine, that they have been said, by another critic, to look as if they were fed with roses. The Virgin, Infant Christ, St. JOHN, St. CATHARINE, and St. JEROM, by PARMEGIANO; Wife Men's Offering, by CARLO DOLCI; Assumption of the Virgin, by DOMENICHINO; Shepherd's Offering, by SCARCELLINI DE FERRARA; the Lord of the Vineyard, by DOMENICHO FETTI; CORIOLANUS and the Roman Matrons, by CAIRO; St. JOHN, by PARMEGIANO; CHRIST preaching in the temple, by LUCA VAN LEYDEN; and Virgin and Child, by LEONARDO DA VINCI, are all performances in this collection, of great merit, and by the first masters.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, who was born at Vinci, in Italy, was the founder of the school at Milan, and
was

was a person of great learning and universal genius. He was the first, says **ALGAROTTI**, who contrived to give relief to his figures. He was extremely slow in painting; but, when he finished his pictures, they were exquisite. He was four years in painting his **JOCONDA**, and yet left it unfinished. **FRANCIS** the First is said to have bought it for 4000 crowns; but his best piece, which an eminent writer calls inimitable, is his Christ's last Supper, in the Monastery of Dominichans, at Milan. He died in the arms of **FRANCIS** the First, in 1520, aged 75. The picture of the Virgin and Child, therefore, at **BURGHLEY**, painted by him; and that of the Holy Family, by **RAPHAEL**, who died in the same year, must be at least both of them two hundred and seventy-six years of age; and almost the oldest paintings in this collection.

TITIAN, who, as well as **CARLO LOTTI**, painted the subject of the Finding of **MOSES**, at **BURGHLEY**, was the chief Master of the Venetian school, and is accounted, notwithstanding **HOGARTH** gives the palm to **CORREGIO**, the first in point of colouring. His figures seem to breathe, and the blood to circulate in the countenances of each. He excelled also in portrait and landscape; the back ground of his Martyrdom of **St. PETER**, being, perhaps, the finest landscape that ever issued from the art of man. The Botanist finds it difficult to keep his hands from the different plants. In his portraits we find a certain majesty, and Spanish gravity; yet he fails in design, and frequently offends against costume. In an *Ecce Homo*, he has clothed his pages in a Spanish dress, and placed the modern
arms

arms of Germany on the shields of the Roman soldiers. He died in 1576, aged 96. So much for the paintings at present.

To speak of gold and silver plate, in the mansion of a nobleman, may seem superfluous, though it may be questioned, if ever plate was seen in more abundance than in this. Besides the silver cisterns, fountains, sconces and grates, the toilet, in one apartment, exhibits sixteen pieces of the finest and most weighty gold plate, with the arms of the family; to which their motto, *unum cor, una via*, one heart, one way, is affixed; and, in the present, another nine of gold filligrane, and twenty-five of silver, surpassing even the sumptuous description of *BELINDA's* toilet, in the *Rape of the Lock*, as described by the warm and delicate imagination of *POPE*.

As it is natural to give precedence to pictures of greatest antiquity in this collection, we shall observe, as *ALBERTO DURER*, who painted the *Vision of St. HUBERT*, died in 1528; that, as *CORREGIO*, who painted that of the *Virgin and Child*, died in 1534; and *ANDREA DEL SARTO*, who painted that of the *Holy Family*, and of *St. JOHN*, in 1540; that each of these pieces must be at least 268, 262, and 256 years of age. To those, who pay them but an ordinary attention, their superior antiquity must, indeed, appear, from that hoary fable, with which time seems to invest them. When compared with the pictures of *CARLO MARATTI*, and others, who painted at the distance of two centuries afterwards, what an amazing contrast,

contrast, in respect of colours, do we find ! That venerable age, which, according to the prophecy of DRYDEN, was beautifully to “imbrown the tint,” has now oppressed them with shades of a still darker and more ghastly hue. What misfortunes might have affected them, since finished by their respective authors, alas, we cannot tell ; but the evidence of their superior antiquity appears at the first glance.

The modern votaries of the art, excellent as they are, in other points, have never been able to array their pieces with that sort of immortality, for which the productions of the ancients were so long famous. Where is there a sanctuary so holy, or a shrine so deeply retired, as to protect them from the pernicious effects of sun and air ? The very pilgrims, who through curiosity resort to them, disturb those particles of dust, which, silently adhering to them, are sure to end in their dissolution. However fine the cloth or sponge, with which they are wiped, year after year, in the course of two or three centuries, the very means used for their preservation, become, in fact, the weapons of their destruction. Like keen air, acting upon elemental fluid, the beautiful superficies is ravished into vapour ; the unctuous or watery ingredients desert the canvases, metal, or wood ; and, like vats, when the wine is drawn off, retain nothing but pernicious lees. The varnish, which is applied, though it may repair their beauty now and then, is no more than rouge on the cheek of a fashionable invalid ; which, when dissolved, is pale and fallow. Could ALBERTO DURER, CORREGIO, or ANDREA DEL SARTO, arise from the dead,

to

to take a paternal view of any of their favourite pieces, at the present day, wheresoever scattered, would they own them now? or would they not, shaking their heads, with melancholy concern, sink again inanimate into the tomb, at the prodigious change?

A nobleman of taste, who travels abroad, for pictures of eminent masters, which are scarce, will procure them, in any condition, in which he finds them; and who can be sure, that this condition is always to their advantage? A picture by TITIAN or RAPHAEL, however mildewed or abused, is still TITIAN's and still RAPHAEL's; and the more it has suffered, still more is it entitled to compassion, and a situation in the collection of a humane and accomplished connoisseur. A picture by a fine hand, when a little sable, is just as respectable as a coin or medal a little rusty; the rusty or sable part, to a true virtuoso, being, by far, the most precious and delectable. We will, however, yet hope, for the honour of the moderns, that many of their pieces, when they seem to mourn in this manner, have suffered as much from the *disasters* of time, as from the mere *progression* of time itself. There are some subjects, indeed, of a grave cast, that become it better than others of a light; and may, until time has laid his last destructive hand upon them, impress us with additional veneration! METHUSALEM, ABRAHAM, NOAH, or any of the antediluvians, offered to us, in the sable tinge of three hundred years, if perfect in other respects, is surely to be preferred to any, by the best hand, at the present day. In speaking, in this manner, of a few, very few pieces
at

at BURGHLEY, we must exempt a great many others. The pictures of ELISABETH and the Lord Treasurer BURGHLEY, by MARK GARRARDS; Queen MARY, the sister of ELISABETH, by HOLBEIN; and many others, whose age is nearly as great, seem yet to feel nothing of what we here mention.

ALBERT DURER, the first artist, of whom we speak, is said to have been born at Nuremberg, and the inventor of engraving on wood. He discovers, says TEN KATE, in his fantastical flights, a lively imagination and a rich spirit: but generally represents a gothic sort of people, of a taste even below the populace. He excelled in drapery so much, that GUIDO was not ashamed to copy him; and his CHRIST taken from the Cross, at the Earl of PEMBROKE's, is a noble piece. There are in it ten figures of the most capital expression, to which he has placed the monogram of his name. CORREGIO's real name was ANTONIO ALLEGRI; but he obtained that of CORREGIO from an inconsiderable town in Italy, where he was born. He is supposed to have come very near RAPHAEL in grace; and HOGARTH is of opinion, that, for colouring, he almost stands alone. ALGAROTTI observes, that we ought to forgive whatever faults he has, for that uncommon greatness of manner, as well as for that delicacy of pencil, which occasion his pieces to appear, as if finished in a day, and seen through a glass. He was the first who brought the true art of shortening figures to perfection; and arrived at all the eminence he possessed without an instructor. There is no artist, it has been said, whose paintings we see
with

with more pleasure, or remember longer than CORREGIO's. WEBB is of opinion, that he has not the tenderness or delicacy of TITIAN; the flesh of his figures being too firm, and the skin too much stretched: but, that, in the splendour of the clear obscure, he overbears our censure, and is the standard of true grace. An anonymous poet has these rapturous lines on him.

See'st thou the warmth, the grace divine,
That breathes thro' mild Corregio's line,
By Heav'n's peculiar care?
Doth Guido wrap thee in delight,
Can Titian's colours charm thy sight,
Or Raphael's Godlike air?

His noble picture of St. ANTHONY was stolen from the Duke of PARMA, who offered an hundred pistoles for its recovery; but a Venetian nobleman buying and reselling it, it is now in the possession of the Earl of PEMBROKE. Of all his pieces, his Nativity and St. JEROM are accounted his best. When Count KONINGSMARK took Prague, in 1648, the Emperor's pictures were carried to Sweden; and some of poor CORREGIO's best pieces served for blinds to the royal stable of Stockholm, but what escaped the common havock was purchased by the Duke of ORLEANS. In the same way, when Bonn, the residence of the Electors of Cologne, was taken by the French,

"The labour'd paintings passing thought,
"Which warm Italian pencils wrought,"

were cut out of their frames, to make coverings for their waggons. *Quis talia fando, temperet à lachrymis.*

ANDREA

ANDREA DEL SARTO was a Florentine, and is said to have received his surname from being originally a taylor. He was remarkably sweet in his colouring, and excelled in drapery. He was also an excellent copyist, and imitated a capital piece by RAPHAEL so well, that it deceived JULIO ROMANO, though he had himself painted a part of the original. The whole academy of French painters were deceived in a copy, which he took from a piece of TITIAN's; and which caused LOUIS XIV. to purchase it, as an original, for eight hundred louis d'ors. A nobleman, however, soon after producing it, his majesty gave him the above sum, together with the copy, in exchange. There was, says BAKER, not long since, an artist at Paris, who pretended to make copies from old pictures, and paint them in such a manner, as to make them look old, and not to be discovered, when placed against the originals. RAPHAEL, whose piece of the Holy Family we before mentioned, is said to have died at the age of only 37; through an inordinate passion for the fair sex. Indeed it is nothing extraordinary, that one, who could paint them so divinely, should enjoy them to excess. A copy only of his Holy Family, the original of which is at Versailles, was sold, at Sir LUKE SCHAU'B's sale, for above 700*l*. another, not long since, in Pall Mall, for 360 guineas; and, in 1762, another smaller, at Versailles, was sold at Prestages, for 150. Three pictures, however, of the Holy Family, by RAPHAEL, one at Naples, one in the Orleans Palace, at Paris, and this, at BURGHLEY, are deemed undoubted originals.

SECT. VII.

EASY as it is to distinguish the extremes of good and bad, none but a real Critic, in the art of painting, where pictures are so numerous as they are at BURGHLEY, can ascertain their delicate shade of difference, and exact degree of merit. We find ourselves, therefore, under no little embarrassment, in writing upon so difficult a theme; and, though it exceed our power to perform all we wish, some little commendation may, perhaps, be ours, if we effect more than the other historians of BURGHLEY have hitherto done. But, where so much excellence presses upon us, on which side shall we turn, or where shall we begin? Each great artist seems to beckon us with equal right; and to give a preference to any is a matter almost impossible.

If single portraits allure us, behold how they strike, from that of ELISABETH, and her great Treasurer, the first Lord BURLEIGH, by MARC GARRARDS, of Bruges, to those of the two mistresses of the painters, PARMEGIANO and DOMENICHINO! How much is the
F picture

picture of the first like unto that ELISABETH represented in story ! The very dignity, with which she looks, were enough, methinks, to abash, and even alarm, the poor artist who drew her ; but, when we gaze on the Treasurer, so profoundly wrapped up in meditation and his great gown, we are thrown into a brown study ; and require frontlets, for sometime, to smooth away the sympathetic wrinkles which we catch. What a warm, comfortable object, with her furs, is the mistress of PARMEGIANO, who first taught the art of etching with aqua-fortis ! A squinting person, while gazing on her, methinks, becomes cured ; and the knees of the most valiant, almost knock together, like those of BELSHAZZAR, as by a kind of charm !

Turn now, Oh gentle stranger, to the Lady of DOMENICHINO, and see what tenderly complex expression speaks there ! If your cheek be pale and cold, presently will you find a glow, while you gaze at her, like that which springs in hers ! In that almost matchless countenance, you may trace a sentiment, which, flowing warm from her heart, seems to quicken the canvass, and is, every moment, ready to burst out at her eyes, in tears. She appears under some resentment of the tender kind ; but, alas, much too amiable to give it scope ! She feels with so much natural magic, that none but the magician, who fixed her in this charming spell, can rightly tell you what her feelings are. Beneath the snowy turban, which adorns her head, what pathos seems to dress her brows ; what silent, yet what speaking, tristness, highly touched !

If sacred history now invite your steps, behold, from the large piece of the first great parents of mankind, lamenting over the body of their son Abel, by ANDREA CELESTI, to the little one of The Flight of JOSEPH, with the young Child, and his Mother, by night, into Egypt, by the divine CARLO DOLCI, what admiration and what pleasure they excite ! The sorrow, which is wrung from our first parents, in the first is such as may be conceived to arise in those, who behold the first murder committed by one son upon the body of the other. Naivetèe and innocence are mingled with their grief ; and, while the naked mother of mankind hangs over him with hands clasped, the hoary Protoplast pours his sorrows into the earth, and mourns the dust from whence he came. Confidence and calm serenity, in the last, are very conspicuously expressed in JOSEPH, such as we might expect from so holy a man, to whom the angel of the Lord had so recently appeared. Though his journey into Egypt is called a *flight*, he seems rather to accommodate himself to his ass, than his ass to him ; who travels on much at the old rate, with very little regard to the important errand on which he goes. By this circumstance, however, the artist seems to avow his own faith in the faith of JOSEPH, and renders it, as we might expect, the most prominent feature of the whole piece ; which, though small in bulk, is evidently great in execution.

History pieces of a less sacred, but of an equally ingenious, kind will charm you, in those of CURTIUS leaping into the Gulph, on horseback, by the great JORDANO ; and the landing of AGRIPPINA, at Brundisium,

dufium, with the urn that contains the afhes of her husband GERMANICUS, by that fublime artift Mr. WEST. Though a very learned Englifhman, and great fceptic, hath written a treatife to prove the firft a mere fable, it is ftill received as authentic; and affords JORDANO a fubject, in that kind of painting, in which he is moft eminent. If CURTIUS be mad, pray, is not his charger mad too? Did you ever before fee man and beaft fo refolved on taking a good leap; and do they not appear, in their exertions, as if they would both *dafh* headlong out of the canvafs together? The facrifice on the fide of the artift is, indeed, as fublime as on that of the Roman; for he enters into all the enthufiafm of the latter, and immortalizes it in colours truly worthy of the Academy or the Vatican.

On the fide of Mr. WEST, almoft the only Englifh painter, who is honoured with a fituation at the Earl's, we have a great deal to admire! His fubject leads him into a neceffity of expreffing a great number of figures; fome of which are pathetic, and others very highly fublime. The Temple! The huge galley! The virgin train, and laft, the urn, in the cold arms of the mourning AGRIPPINA, are objects, not only interefting to the fpectator, but fuch as the authenticity of hiftory demands in the prefent piece. That the painter might more ftrikingly fucceed in his attempt to depift the deep forrow of AGRIPPINA, he has thought proper to draw her with black hair, which, as it hangs negligently down, in difhevelled trefles, is more apt, than any other, to caft a pale tinge upon the face. While he deferves the laurel, for the deep and inflexible anguifh

guish, in the mother, who rivets her dejected eyes upon the urn; not less is his success in the well discriminated feelings, which he represents in her two infants, the sons of the deceased GERMANICUS. As children of their age feel nothing of what arises from reflection, to render their sorrow natural, he represents them catching it, as children generally do, by a plastic influence, from the mother. They grasp her robe on each side; and, as they look up tenderly towards her, seem rather to deplore the pathetic silence of the existing AGRIPPINA, whom they see, than the loss of the deceased GERMANICUS, who has so long been removed from their childish contemplation. In no part does Mr. WEST appear to offend against what the painters denominate costume; and, as it is evident, from ancient classic authors, that the Romans mourned in white, he has, with strict propriety, arrayed both the virgin train and the children in white garments. While the temple, in which she is going to deposit the ashes of her deceased Lord, is thronged with spectators, some of which appear to be ready to fall headlong from its turrets, behold what consternation frowns upon the matrons, at the temple's foot! Sad, above the rest, upon the ground they sit; and, while they hide their faces with their hands, with what a dignity do they *muffle up* their sorrows from the crowd! While conjugal affection is finely displayed in the tall, graceful stature of AGRIPPINA, at the head of her train of virgins, what a picture of serene beauty do we discern, where we could least expect it, in the very last of them all! An artist of less discernment than Mr. WEST would have strove to captivate in each; but,

as nature seldom acts with such profusion, well has he conformed himself to her divine direction. Each, as in the scenes of life, is passing well; but this, the synozure of vulgar eyes, divinely bright! Intent, alas, not so much upon GERMANICUS, as female like, upon herself, she throws her eyes upon the ground, not from a sense of grief, but from a *modest confession* of her own charms, which form the chief grace of the procession! As this passes on towards the temple, you may perceive the galley, in which they have just sailed, by order of its Commander, who points, with his truncheon, to a distant point of land, endeavour again to put out to sea. How true a Roman does he look; and none but Roman sailors could exhibit such muscles, like his crew, in straining at the ropes and cordage! Thus will the genius of Mr. WEST appear in every point; and small will be the compliment to say, he is a greater painter of history than England ever bred. There is infinite fire and expression in most of his compositions; while he has been more happy, in the art of stamping a durability on his colours than most artists of modern times.

SECT.

 SECT. VIII.

APOLOGIZING to our readers for quoting the lines of a very indifferent poet, we may now say with Mr. PECK,

- “ Such, BURGHLEY, are in part thy charms ; but who,
 “ Would he the wonderful detail go through,
 “ Can all thy wealth and curious things repeat,
 “ Or but in catalogue thy glories treat ?
 “ Or who, had he that catalogue, could find
 “ Leisure to view what once was here designed,
 “ Great EXETER, by thy capacious mind ?
 “ Those spoils, indeed, which now thy BURGHLEY stores,
 “ Were once the ornaments of CYPHUR’s shores :
 “ But, when by thy command they sail’d across
 “ The seas, if fame be true, ROME mourn’d the loss.”

In the present apartment, where we are dazzled with so many delightful objects, is a half length of the Virgin reading, by GAROFALO. It is probable the artist’s intention, in drawing her in this attitude, was to represent the graces of modesty with a more forcible effect ; and, as the eyes, in reading, naturally throw

themselves down, he seems to have singled it out for the express purpose of depicting this virtue. The picture of JOSEPH and POTIPHAR's wife is drawn by VALERIO CASTELLI, a Genoese, who is supposed to have executed more pieces in England than in any other part of Europe. Here too is MARY MAGDALEN, and a *Noli me tangere*, or touch me not, CHRIST's words to MARY, after his resurrection, from the 17th verse of the twentieth chapter of the Gospel, by St. JOHN. SUSANNAH and the Elders is a piece here drawn by Sir PETER LELY, who was a state painter to CHARLES the Second, and one of the First artists in his reign. He was by birth a Westphalian; and, as his father was born in a perfumer's shop, at the Hague, which was distinguished by the sign of the lily, he was afterwards known by this name. That he was a greater flatterer of the fair sex than VANDYCK, is evident from the superior beauty of his women, whom he drew in a sort of fantastic night gowns, fastened with a single pin. When CROMWELL sat to him for his picture, he exemplified his greatness of mind, by commanding him to draw every blemish, pimple, and wart in his countenance; assuring him, if he did not, he would not reward him with a farthing. The Knight, it is said, expired rather suddenly, while he was painting the Dutches of SOMERSET, in 1680, aged 62: but had amassed so much, by his profession, that he was enabled to leave his heir a personal estate of 900*l.* a year.

Here also is CHRIST and the Samaritan woman, by ANDREA VALENTINO; and REBECCA, at the well, by AGOSTINO CARACCHI. The head of St. PAUL, at the Earl of PEMBROKE's, is a proof of the correctness

rectness and elegant manner of CARACCHI, in the art of designing. Notwithstanding his eminence as a painter, he was so excellent an engraver, that his etchings were almost as much valued as his pictures. All the CARACCHIS were born at Bologna, and were the founders of that school, which was a composition of all the others. Cupid, pulling Fortune by the hair, is a large fine piece by PIETRO DA VECCHIA, though, among so many neighbours of rank, it does not demand any very elaborate description. The Reconciliation of St. PETER and St. PAUL was drawn by GERARD HONTHORST, who was born at Utrecht, and was a favourite of the Queen of Bohemia. He instructed her Majesty and her children in the art of painting; and worked for the King of Denmark and the Prince of Orange. He was invited into England by CHARLES the First, where he gave many fine proofs of his skill. In a closet on this floor, a room or two farther on, is a picture of Queen MARY, by HOLBEIN, principally remarkable for differing from that which is to be seen, by some other hand, at Wooburn Abbey, the seat of his Grace the Duke of BEDFORD. HOLBEIN's, if not a flattering, is not, like the last, a shocking and disagreeable resemblance of this much bigotted woman. If her Majesty could have seen the dreadful demeanour with which she is taken, it would have been sufficient, we imagine, to have induced her, without the artist's espousing any particular tenet of faith, to have condemned him to the flames.

The Earl of ARUNDEL, returning from Italy, through Basil, seeing the works of HOLBEIN, was charmed with them, and advised him to go into England

land. Before he went, he intimated that he should leave a specimen of the power of his ability. He had still at his house a portrait that he had just finished for one of his patrons. On the forehead he painted a fly, and sent the picture to the person for whom it was designed. The gentleman, struck with the beauty of the piece, went eagerly to brush off the fly, and found the deceit. The story soon spread; and, as such trifling deceptions often do, made more impression than greater excellencies. Orders were immediately given to prevent the city being deprived of so wonderful an artist, but HOLBEIN had withdrawn himself privately.

We must not leave this apartment, without a glance at the Centaur and Dejanira, a very capital piece, by JORDANO; LOT and his three Daughters; two or three pictures of the Dead Christ, and a bright constellation of miniatures.

In the Earl's dressing room, there is a fine piece of HOLLES, Duke of Newcastle, by VANDYCK; one of King WILLIAM's Battles, by VANDERMULEN; Morning and Evening, by TEMPESTA; copy from the Zingera of Corregio; Virgin and Child, by GUIDO; St. STEPHEN, by TEMPESTA; Holy Family, by CARLO MARATTI; a Landscape, by BOOTH; two pieces of Birds and Beasts, by DAVID KONINCK; a Portrait, by VELASQUEZ; RACHAEL, Countess of Bedford, by VANDYCK; Hunting of Wild Cats, by DAVID KONINCK; and last, VENUS and ADONIS, by GIOSEPPI CHIARI, of the delicacy of which, Mr. PECK, in his *Desiderata Curiosa*, speaks in high terms.

terms. To characterise each of these, as they merit, as well as many others, which we have passed over, in the preceding rooms, would be, indeed, a task impossible; unless we had devoted ourselves to study them, for a course of many months. As the Adoration of the shepherds, however, by CARAVAGGIO, at this end of the house, will induce us to speak somewhat minutely of that artist, we shall conclude this section with the story which is told of him. CARAVAGGIO, it is said, being driven to indigence, was obliged, without money, to leave Rome on foot; and, faint with hunger and fatigue, to call at an obscure Inn, upon the road, for refreshment. Unable, from his unpromising appearance, to obtain it, without a previous payment, he was driven to a still greater dilemma; and, knowing not well what to do, he took down the sign from the post, and, painting it over afresh, immediately left the Inn. He had not been long gone, before some persons of distinction came there; and, seeing the sign, and being struck with it, gave the landlord a good round sum to obtain it. Convinced now of the worth, as well as merit, of the departed artist, the host set out to seek him, hoping, through his means, to obtain a few more valuable signs. To his great concern, however, he finds him, through want of sustenance, a breathless corpse, by the way side.

“ On the bare earth he famish’d lies,

“ With not a friend to close his eyes.”

Though there are too many instances of men of great genius, who are brought to a similar lamentable fate,

fate, yet there are some circumstances in this story, to which we cannot cordially assent. Is it not strange, that the landlord, who was so suspicious of the artist, as to refuse him a few morsels of food, should confide that to him, which was of so much more value; or that a person, in his distressed situation, pining for refreshment, should be able to accomplish such exquisite touches with his pencil? Would not the landlord, had he seen the artist, whom he had just before suspected, in the act of taking down his sign, have apprehended him for a thief, who was assuredly going to give him the *flip*; and would a sensible man and great artist, like CARAVAGGIO, endanger his reputation, by appearing to turn both rogue and sign painter together, in order to oblige a selfish morose publican? CARAVAGGIO is allowed to be among the foremost of his profession; and they, who have seen his paintings, are sensible of the surprizing impression they make. It was, perhaps, from the penury he felt, that he was so often induced to represent penury in others; as we conceive he has, in his picture of the Virgin and Infant Christ, at BURGHLEY; and which, however fine, is more remarkable for this terrible kind of sublimity, than for any other beauty.

SECT.

SECT. IX.

TRIFLES will, sometimes, unite great men and great minds, when leagues and even oaths are known to fail.

The picture of the Virgin and Child, painted by F. GIO BENEDETTO CASTIGLIONE, de Compa Cesa Genovese, was a present from the famous GANGANELLI, Pope CLEMENT the Fourteenth, to the late Earl of EXETER, on the 18th of July, 1774; but, as it is expressed, on the back, in the same nobleman's hand writing, did not reach England, until after that Prince's untimely death. It is a little piece, about a foot square, painted on metal, and adorned with a large gilt frame; which, though it comes from the Pope, does not, perhaps, in point of merit, boast so much infallibility as many others at BURGHLEY, on the same subject. As the incidents which introduced it to the Earl are rather curious, we will endeavour to set them forth. If ever there was a Pope of a great and exalted soul, it was GANGANELLI; and,

as our English nobility have been, in general, remiss in personal respect to his Holiness, it left the Earl a more ample opportunity of displaying his. This occurring on a public day, when the Pope passed through the streets of Rome, the Earl was pleased to manifest the same adoration, which he expects from all his liege subjects, on that occasion; with which his Holiness was so struck, that he immediately expressed a wish to return it, by some reciprocal instance of esteem. Now, as the Earl well knew the effect of the Pope's benediction, and the doctrine of indulgencies, he neither wished for the one, nor the other. In what way therefore, could his Holiness express this esteem to a Protestant nobleman, unless it was by some little token like the present? As the Earl amused himself at the Vatican, one day, he happened to throw his eyes on this piece; and, recollecting that he had none in his extensive collection, by the same hand, expressed his approbation of it. It was, therefore, with great satisfaction, that his Holiness heard this, which he immediately evinced, by ordering it to be conveyed to the Earl's lodgings, at a very early hour, the next morning. Such is the brief history of this piece. It was surely as modest a favour, if it may be called such, as a nobleman of Lord EXETER's rank could request; and as small an one as a Prince of GANGANELLI's great soul could bestow.

“ So the pilgrim, who journies all day,
 “ To visit some far distant shrine,
 “ If he bear but a relique away,
 “ Is happy, nor heard to repine.”

In the midst of a number of superstitious themes, and popish subjects, like antidote to poison, the great reformer

reformer, MARTIN LUTHER, is seen to advance his head, with a boldness and audacity all his own. If the character is to be understood by that legible index the countenance, then surely may we peruse LUTHER's in this piece, with some degree of truth. In the same apartment is a fine original picture, full length, of the unfortunate CHARLES the First, by old PALMA; and, near it, all his young family, in one large piece, by the same artist. The faithful large mastiff, on the head of which the young Prince of WALES is seen to rest his arm, is itself an effort of great and very natural execution. CROMWELL, the King's old enemy, painted by WALKER, is exhibited in another part of the house; and it seems highly probable, that this picture of CHARLES, and that of his family, were neither of them placed here, till long after the Usurper's death. What immunity or compassion could BURGHLEY have received, as it did from CROMWELL, had they been then visible? Here we must not forget, with punic faith, like his own, a striking head of HANNIBAL, the crafty Carthaginian, the mortal foe of the Romans.

As many of the pictures are changed from room to room, it is by no means necessary to describe them in a strict method. For this reason, with a considerable hiatus between, we shall mention the beautiful representation of an Angel conveying the soul of a Child into Heaven, by the Rev. WILLIAM PETERS, on the south side of the house. So charmingly is it executed, that it is impossible to say, which is the most angelic, the child or the angel. Most
praise

praise, however, redounds to the artist for his execution of the former, as it is expressive of an idea, which seems peculiarly his own; whilst the latter possesses nothing which distinguishes it from the rest of guardian and good angels. From this large original piece, a stranger may have seen some excellent copper-plates taken, and displayed in the print shops of the Metropolis. The angel is observed to point upwards with his left hand, in a beautiful curve; and, though custom may have deemed the use of 'it awkward among mortals, we know of no such exception attached to the host above. The glistening appearance of the child's raiment, and that air of ineffable sweet simplicity, with which it is represented entering into a world of bliss, is hardly to be equalled, and certainly not surpassed.

In the same apartment, is seen *Fame*, adorning the tomb of SHAKESPEAR; and *MARIA* and her little Goat, from STERNE, by ANGELICA KAUFFMAN. In another, four circular pieces, by the same Lady, ABELARD making love to ELOISA; the Death of ELOISA, with the priest and attendants; the contest between Pleasure and Prudence; and Pleasure victorious. ANGELICA KAUFFMAN was born at Coire, the capital of the Grisons, in Switzerland, who, shewing from her infancy, a great genius for her pencil, received every assistance that her father, JOSEPH KAUFFMAN, could give. She spent the early part of her life with him in the Valteline, at Como, and at Milan, returning occasionally to their native country; but, being desirous of farther improvement, they, in 1761, travelled to Rome, where she received great instructions from POMPEIO BATTONI. After she had studied the works
of

of CORREGGIO, she visited Naples, Florence, Parma and Bologna, profiting from her residence in these cities, by copying their paintings. In 1763, she came to England, and found great encouragement; but the climate disagreeing with Mr. KAUFFMAN, they, in 1779, returned once more to their native country.

Besides these pictures by ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, this elegant apartment, in various pieces, is seen to sport in birds, and bloom in flowers. The fictitious grapes, which hang here, seem the spontaneous productions of the real vine-yard; and the different wall fruits to smile with the true and genuine complexions of nature. The Duck-hunt is here one of the finest we ever witnessed; nor can the eagerness of the different water spaniels, or the different ducks, in diving and flying, be well equalled. In the apartment next the Jewel Closet, the floor of which is laid with the best oak, cut into the shape of diamonds, and the cieling superbly painted by VERRIO, there is a vast profusion of fine pieces by the first hands; and, indeed, where is there a space at BURGHLEY, unsolicited and unpossessed by the chisel, or the pencil? The martyrdom of St. ANDREW is here represented, by TRAVISANI; The three goddesses are here seen to send MERCURY on an embassy to Paris, by RUBENS. Here is the Holy Family, by SCHIDONI; and the finding of MOSES, in three different pieces, by TITIAN, TEMPESTA, and SCHIAVONI. RINALDO and ARMIDA, ANNIBAL by CARACCHI; CHRIST, sleeping with angels, and the emblems of the Passion, by NICHOLAS POUSSIN. The Infant CHRIST, by BACCICI; the Head of

St. JOHN, a sketch by PARMEGIANO; the Flight into Egypt, by CARLO DOLCI; and the Return out of Egypt, by SPAGNOLETTA; St. PETER, by DOMENICHINO; and the Boy and Pigeon, by GUIDO.

In such a variety of art and beauty, criticism is lost; and rather disposed to muse with admiration, than risk itself by immature determination. Persons, who never beheld the Vatican, may find a nearly equal gratification here, in lieu of it; and, as we are struck with paintings after paintings, we are almost induced to utter similar exclamations to those of MACKBETH, at the sight of the seven visionary kings! The Boy and Pigeon, by GUIDO, exemplify that character for gentleness and grace, to which this Artist is so eminently entitled. We will venture to pronounce them like no other Boy and Pigeon in the universe, while they possess a degree of expression which is seldom found in either. The Earl's house-steward, who succeeded so well in his copy of CHRIST, from CARLO DOLCI, has imitated this, as well as that of his mistress, from DOMENICHINO; but, as they are not yet made public, we know not with what success. NICHOLAS POUSSIN, who here appears, was born in Normandy, and is said to have been the prince of the French painters. Judgment and force of expression are his characteristics: an eminent critic imagined he copied RAPHAEL; and that, in some pieces, he does not fall short of him; though he could not, in general, attain his ease, vivacity, and grace. He was not only a great master of expression, but set off his pieces with

with buildings in a very beautiful and singular style. His best are his *ESTHER* before *AHASUERUS*, the Slaughter of the Innocents, and the Death of *GERMANICUS*, which are to be seen in the Barbarini palace at Rome.

Much to the assistance of a stranger, there are, in every apartment, correct lists of the different paintings, in little mahogany glass frames, about the size and shape of a painter's pallet. As these, in general, depend from a brass nail, behind each of the window-shutters, he has nothing to do, as he enters each room, in order to gratify his curiosity, but to take them down; and, as he goes out, to restore them to their former place. The attention which is shewn, by preventing the sun from injuring these fine pieces, in keeping the shutters continually closed, unless when company arrives, is, we imagine, but a proper precaution, the benefit of which has been very sufficiently proved by experience.

SECT. X.

MUCH as painting has been admired in all ages, it may be doubted whether the first pieces, by the most accomplished masters, even while their colours endure, deliver to us a truly accurate idea of deceased worthies. It is neither the picture nor the statue of an ALEXANDER the Great, represented by his own APELLES or LYSIPPUS, which holds always up to posterity a genuine mirror of departed greatness. Certain we are, that no two persons differ more from each other, in appearance, than one and the same person, from himself, when taken by two different hands; and, as each artist possesses his peculiar merit, it descends, as a thing of course, on a subject who, sometimes, deserves it least. Where dignity, ease, or grace, is the peculiar characteristic of the artist, the most homespun guest, who sits to him, will be endowed with it; but, should he, in common, fail in either of these, so would a VENUS and MINERVA too, had they become his subjects. This, however, is not all. It is more the business of the painter, than even the poet, to flatter well; and,

as his interest particularly depends on it, it is impossible to expect from him any thing like real veracity.

While fine painting is the effect of great art, and the source of much pleasure, nothing, perhaps, ever came so near the truth, as the art, practised among the Egyptians, of embalming their deceased friends. This, preserving every feature, exposed defects, as well as beauties; and, to what purpose could a man boast of a deformed or unpleasant ancestor, when his neighbour could immediately confront, as well as confute, him, with a view of the preserved mummy? As this, however, held up but a gloomy prospect to mankind, who love to be flattered both in life and death, it is not wonderful, that it resigned its place to the more engaging views of human nature; and, as painting is arrayed with many charms, we have installed her into it, with all the extravagance of men who dote. How greatly the pencil displayed its powers in ancient days, we have already shewn; but, where is there the virtuoso, who can now, any more preserve his spouse by paint, than he can by pickle? Even, in our own time, the colours of some, who are called great artists, are seen to fade away; to the great terror of many who, by that event, predict the immediate dissolution of the great originals.

That painters will, sometimes, sit down to paint from fancy, when they possess an original too coarse, ANNE of Cleves, one of the wives of HENRY the Eighth, will furnish us with woeful proof. HOLBEIN,

the greatest artist of his time, being dispatched by CROMWELL to take this lady, practised the common flattery of his profession so well, that he proved the immediate cause of the destruction of that great subject, and of the disgrace that afterwards fell on her. He drew so favourable a likeness, that HENRY was content to wed her; but, when he found her so inferior to her miniature, the storm which really should have been directed at the painter, burst on the minister; and CROMWELL lost his head, because ANNE was a Flanders' mare, not a VENUS, as HOLBEIN had represented her.

The flattery, which the Artist so plentifully bestows on those who sit to him, generally terminates in himself at last; and of this we possess a striking instance in VAN SOTTO CLEEFE, an industrious painter of Antwerp. His colouring was good, and his figures fleshy and round; but, before he arrived at the perfection he might have attained, his head was turned with vanity; a misfortune, says his historian, not uncommon to the profession, who, living secluded from the world, and seeing little but their own creation rising round them, grow intoxicated with the magic of their own performances. Sir GODFREY KNELLER and JERVASE are both reported to have been the children of excessive vanity. POPE, who had contributed, in some measure, to flatter the first into it, was determined, one day, to put it to a full proof; and, as Sir GODFREY was taking his picture, observed to him, "Sir GODFREY, I believe, if God had consulted you in the creation of the world, we should have seen it
more

more perfect than it is :” “ Fore God, Sir,” replied Sir GODFREY, “ I believe *so*.” A mechanic of the lowest order introduced his son to him, on some occasion, with the idea of his being bred a painter ; but Sir GODFREY, with a more devout air than usual, gave him this answer, “ Oh man, man, none but God Almighty makes painters.” A similar anecdote or two is related of JERVASE, and some others ; and, when the entertainment we receive from them is well weighed, we may pardon a few frailties which originate from a source of so much beauty and merit.

SECT. XI.

JEWEL CLOSET.

THOUGH this apartment is but ten feet and a half each way, and about twelve from the floor to the cornice, it is, perhaps, one of the most expensive of its size in the whole kingdom. Its wainscoat is formed of the finest cedar wood; which, sending forth a continual fragrance, is, at all times, as grateful to the nostrils as the sight. The middle spaces, or pannels, are elegantly inlaid with a charming damasked sky coloured satin, the edges of which, in the cedar, are superbly gilt around. The cieling is so highly adorned by the hand of VERRIO, that it seems to breathe empyreal air, and, as it rises, in a fine arch, from the golden gilt cornice on each side, displays the imaginary deities, enthroned there, with double radiance and lustre! These, excepting Fortune, who is drawn blind, are principally Cupids in different attitudes and directions; and one of them, displaying a streamer in his hand, discovers these words from Virgil's

Virgil's tenth Eclogue, "*omnia vincit amor.*" GIBBONS, as well as VERRIO, appears to have here done his utmost, as there are excellent imitations of billing doves, fruits, flowers, &c. by his hand, carved out of the solid wood! Opposite the full light of a large window, through panes of the finest glass, elegantly framed in the form of a door, a spectator may now give way to all the ardour and glow of what is generally called *virtù*, by permitting his eyes to pry, unrestrained, into the Jewel recess! Among many curiosities, he will observe a golden bason and spoon; the last of which is said to have been used at the Coronation of Queen ELISABETH. The Rosary or Beads of MARY, the unfortunate Queen of SCOTS, and which surely were wet with as many tears as those of either penitent or nun, cannot fail to excite his attention; and, if he has a breast to be touched by the sufferings of injured Majesty, all his sympathy and compassion. In the same groupe he will also discern the busk of her Royal Rival, the political ELISABETH, whose strangely mingled character hath puzzled the sagacity of judicious historians to develope and explain. In addition to a vast deal of enamelled work, little vases of golden filligrane, amber, diamonds, pearls, and other curiosities, the spectator will be gratified with a sight of some of the most delicate pictures in miniature, by COWPER, Mrs. CARLISLE, and others.

Not many years ago, this valuable closet was rifled of some of its effects, through the villany of a set of persons, who, it is supposed, in the way of other strangers, had originally come to see the house.

Through

Through a sense of conscious guilt, however, or an ignorance of their profession, they executed their business in a very superficial manner; and relinquished, on the road, some of the few articles which they had so ignominiously filched away. To guard against any future attempts of the kind, a couple of watchmen are now constantly kept in waiting throughout the night; in the course of which, should a stranger awake, while they are crying their rounds, and the large chapel clock chiming the quarter or half hour, he may, by an involuntary exertion of mind, imagine himself in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

Over the jewel recess is displayed one of the most pleasing pictures in the whole collection of BURGHLEY, by CARLO MARATTI, whose principal excellence lay, as we are informed, by a great connoisseur, in the art of depicting the harmony and beauty of the human features. It is a representation of the Virgin and the Infant Christ while asleep; who is attended by a groupe of other infant figures, but, at an age considerably more advanced. That look of sweet, modest, and serene delight, which the Artist has infused into the countenance of the Virgin-Mother, as she spreads a light fleecy mantle over the body of her sleeping child, as well as into the countenance of her attendant, can never be sufficiently praised or admired. The mute attention, which his pathetic pencil depicts in the features of the other children, who seem to protect and prolong his sleep; the affectionate expression in the little boy, who hangs over him, with his finger on his mouth, as if to impose silence on the rest;

rest; the separate interest in the face of each, and the joint interest which they all appear to possess in him alone, are all strokes as exquisitely tender as they are sublime! The very new blown rose itself, which seems to have put out upon this occasion, and to have fallen negligently down by his side, is not without its beauty; while the very superior degree of expression, in the countenance and complexion of the youth, who looks from a corner of the picture, is such as seems, not so much to predict, as really to apprehend, some great and very singular event, like the present!

Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

A stranger, who gazes upon it, for any length of time, by himself, will, insensibly, be impressed with sensations of that awe and stillness, which it so forcibly inspires; and, should mingled sensations surprise his cheeks with tears, they are such as we might naturally expect from such a piece represented in so masterly a manner!

This fine Artist has been said to have been eminent in drapery, and for painting MADONNAS. There is a portrait of one of the Earls of EXETER by him, who esteemed him so much as to collect a great part of his works.

This, with CARLO DOLCI's fine picture of the Messiah; a third, which hangs over the door; and Seignior VERRIO's, are all the paintings in this apartment, which is very properly distinguished by the
appellation

appellation of the Jewel Closet. Simple, though magnificent, and with nature curious, it far surpasses any thing of the kind in the laboured habitations of Wooburn Abbey or Stow; and excites, by these pieces of Messiah, in his infancy and prime, all the charming sensations of devotion, without its frequent concomitant, an attendant gloom. In a direction immediately under this, on the first floor, there is another closet set off with rich trinkets, in a manner somewhat similar, but not in so magnificent a style as the present. It contains a variety of excellent pictures, some of which it shall be our business to celebrate and explain upon some future occasion. Under the subject of miniatures, we would not omit to mention one of ANNA SOPHIA CHAMBERS, Countess of EXETER. As an emblem of her decease, this little picture has been placed on the left pinion of the figure of Time; who stands over the mantle-piece, in the drawing room; and is, we believe, the fourth monument, great and small, which has been set up in commemoration of the merit of this Lady. She seems from this to have been a very charming woman, who is drawn in a very charming manner; and seduces the mind, with melancholy reflection, to brood over the fate of those, who have so often trod the same magnificent scenes before us!

When, however, to the silent enquiries of our souls "Where are they?" and we seem, alas, to catch the whisper, that even their affluent possessors are, now, no more, we cannot but become insensibly grieved; and, returning from the paths of worldly splendor, but- endeavour to cultivate our *own little portion*,
while

while we stay here, with cheerfulness and true content of heart.

Among the paintings of BURGHLEY House, there are none more eminently conspicuous than the portrait of our Divine Saviour JESUS CHRIST blessing the elements; a half-length, by the hand of that great artist CARLO DOLCI; which, as in a sanctuary, hangs in the Jewel Closet, and faces the door. Mr. PECK, in his *Desiderata Curiosa*, speaks of this piece in the most lavish terms of encomium; and, though it is now more than sixty years since that gentleman wrote, it still exists as fresh and beautiful as ever.

To enable the spectator more perfectly to understand, and if possible to feel, it, the subject from which it is taken is expressed in fine copper-plate characters, in a little ebony glass case, which hangs on the right of the picture, and runs in the following words:

Publius Lentulus his Letter to the Senate of Rome.

“ Conscript Fathers,

“ There appears, in these our days, a man of great virtue, named JESUS CHRIST, who is yet living among us; and of the Gentiles is accepted for a prophet of truth; but his own disciples call him the son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases; a man of stature, somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear; his hair the colour of a flibert, full ripe, to his ears; whence downward, it is more
orient

orient of colour, somewhat curling or waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified by a comely red; his nose and mouth exactly formed; his beard thick, the colour of his hair, not of any great length, but forked; his look is innocent, his eyes grey, clear and quick; in reproving awful, in admonishing courteous, in speaking very modest and wise; in proportion of body well shaped; none have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep; a man, for his singular beauty, surpassing the children of men."

Though it is not here expressed, we apprehend this quotation to have been taken from the fourth volume of the Turkish Spy, where we have seen it, as well as in some other authors. The picture, however, accords to a tittle with this letter; and, as we behold it, we cannot but think it agrees, in some measure, with the charming ideas which MILTON formed of his ADAM, when he says,

"Hyacinthin locks

"Round from his parted forelock manly hung

"Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:"

and, that it is likewise not improbable, that this great poet's imagination of the *first* ADAM was greatly assisted by the very circumstantial account, which is given us, in this letter, of the *second*. Never, certainly, were serene sweetness and benevolence more happily touched and displayed than they are in this piece.

Far

Far from that look of reproof, which he is supposed to give to ZEBEDEE's wife, when she petitions him, in behalf of her two sons JAMES and JOHN, as it is sublimely delineated over the Communion Table, in the Chapel, — his features dawn nothing but that gentle sort of contemplation, which associates itself with the most holy devotion. The mouth, which is beautifully small, and as the ruby red, gives us, by its hollowness, the idea of a person in the act of adoration; while the eyes are cast upwards, with such a look of sweet and sublime sincerity, as really to pluck down the blessings and graces they implore. The *divinity*, which seems to *flir* within it, has thrown a Crown of light and glory round it, which Time may mellow, but can scarce decay; and the artist's execution is, in every part, so thoroughly in conformity with his conception, that this master-piece of art may well be said to verify the sublime declaration, contained in the epistle from Publius Lentulus to the Conscrip't Fathers, that he was a man, who, for his *singular beauty*, *was really surpassing the children of men*.

His Lordship's house-steward, who possesses an admirable genius for the art, without any cultivation, but what he derived from his own practice and observation, has taken a most exact copy of this piece; which itself, if we had not seen the original, we should pronounce the production of a very *fine hand*. Time, however, which is the great *touchstone* of the painter's merit, will one day balance its real worth; and, either record it with the venerable productions of ancient days, or sweep it down the flood, in the general and
universal

universal wreck. Thus much have we premised of this piece; and, as there has never yet been any thing like a tolerable description of BURGHLEY published, it is but fair to declare, that the person, who would do it strict justice, must write several long pages on almost every picture, and, on its whole collection of curiosities, a volume of no common size!

SECT.

SECT. XI.

OF SEIGNIOR VERRIO, AND SOME OF HIS WORKS.

WHEN we consider the great variety of pictures on sacred subjects at BURGHLEY, the production of Artists who were devoted to the faith and superstitions of Rome, we must view VERRIO in the light of a heretic and renegado, for having turned aside, from his brethren, into the absurd paths, and monstrous fables, of pagan Theology. After so many excellent catholic pieces, on the Holy Family, and Dead CHRIST, a proof of still greater numbers in the same country, the painter deserves a doom more severe, from a people who lay so great a stress upon outward ornament, than even some of their philosophers, for speculative, and other seemingly indifferent, points. Whether, as a rebellious son of the church, he was but poorly encouraged at home, we cannot tell; though it is evident, that the support he received in this kingdom, induced him to labour among us for some years; and, when full of days, and ripe with honours, to

deposit his bones, at last, in the Court of Queen ANNE.

According to Lord ORFORD, he was an excellent painter for the sort of subjects on which he was employed, that is, without much invention, says the author, and less taste, his exuberant pencil was ready at pouring out gods, goddesses, kings, emperors, and triumphs, over those public surfaces on which the eye never rests long enough to criticise, and where one should be sorry to place the works of a better master; I mean, ceilings and stair-cases. The New Testament, or the Roman History, cost him nothing but ultramarine; that, and marble columns and marble steps, he never spared.

He first settled in France, and painted the high altar of the Carmelites at Thoulouse, which is described in DU PUY's "*Traité sur la Peinture*," page 219. CHARLES the Second having a mind to revive the manufacture of tapestry at Mortlack, which had been interrupted by the civil war, sent for VERRIO to England; but, changing his purpose, consigned over Windsor to his pencil. The king was induced to this, by seeing some of his painting at Lord ARLINGTON's, at the end of St. James's Park, where at present stands Buckingham House. The first picture VERRIO drew for the King, was his Majesty in naval triumph, now in the public dining room in the castle. He executed most of the ceilings there, one whole side of St. George's Hall, and the chapel.

On the cieling of the former, he has pictured ANTHONY Earl of Shaftesbury, in the character of Faction, dispersing libels; as, in another place, he revenged a private quarrel in a manner somewhat similar. Six thousand eight hundred and forty five pounds, eight shillings and fourpence was the sum he received for his different paintings at Windsor. The best piece of his hand is the Incredulity of St. THOMAS, expressed over the altar, in the chapel at Chatsworth. His eyes failing, Queen ANNE gave him a pension of 200*l.* a year for life; but he did not enjoy it long, dying at Hampton Court in 1707.

He is recorded as operator of all these gaudy works, in a large inscription over the tribune at the end of the Hall at Windsor.

Antonius Verrio Neapolitanus
 Non ignobili stirpe natus
 Ad honorem Dei,
 Augustissimi Regis Caroli secundi
 et
 Sancti Georgii
 Molem hanc felicissimâ manu
 Decoravit.

After he had finished his labours at Windsor Castle, he was invited to BURGHLEY, by one of the Earls of EXETER, who supported him in a great style, and allowed him a very splendid equipage. Lord ORFORD's opinion of VERRIO is sufficient, in some measure, to obliterate the seemingly severe re-

flection of Mr. POPE; who, from his being constantly engaged in painting cielings, has been pleased to make mention of "VERRIO's sprawling saints." VERRIO was not, however, the first man of genius who had suffered by the poet's spleen; for, as it too often inspired him, so could he, with as great address, turn the lines of a character into any direction he thought proper. To describe each particular figure, which VERRIO poured forth upon the cielings of BURGHLEY House, would be, in fact, to write a new Pantheon, or a complete history of all the heathen gods; a work which has been already performed with sufficient accuracy and skill. We shall, therefore, touch only on a few; and, among the first of these, upon the JUPITER and JUNO, whom he has been pleased to enthrone upon the Zenith of the Cieling of the large room called *Heaven*. The JUPITER of VERRIO, to say the truth, seems to possess more of what we may conceive to have been the grave, terrestrial majesty of old prolific King PRIAM, LATINUS, or even ROMULUS, than any thing of the true Deity, who spoke to his people from between the Cherubims, which adorned the Mercy-Seat on each side. According to the painter, he is, what VIRGIL has before called him, a mere "Rex JUPITER omnibus idem;" and seems not so attentive to the affairs of heaven and earth, as to the goddess JUNO, his spouse, whom, in a very amorous manner, he chucks, with his right hand, under the chin. This lady he has drawn somewhat more than what we call *en bon point*; for, not to mince the matter, she appears to have throve so

miracu-

miraculously, since translated into his Mahometan heaven, as to be now downright fat and lusty. She looks, however, extremely good-natured; and, though an æthereal being, does not appear to participate in the enjoyments of a single chubb; goddess beyond herself. Though VERRIO had before, when at Windsor, drawn the house-keeper one of the furies; since put one of the females, at BURGHEY, who offended him, into his fabulous representation of Hell; and even depicted a dignitary of the church, whom he disliked, under the figure of BACCHUS, with swollen cheeks, standing upon a hog'shead, in the present room, called Heaven, he has had the effrontery to draw his own figure in the same, by the side of the Cyclops, who are forging their thunderbolts.

Though his profest intention in painting was not, like HOGARTH, to paint satires; yet, from these instances, it would seem, that he never lost an opportunity of revenging himself, when it occurred. His own figure is esteemed like him; and, by its high Roman nose, and open countenance, affords us, as much as physiognomy can do, a just idea of his character, as well as of the country from whence he came. Among this great variety of celestial beings, he has described a beautiful iris or rainbow, on the hemisphere of the Cyclops; and, on the opposite, APOLLO, as a type of the sun, its immediate cause.

Ergo Iris croceis per cœlum rufcida pennis,
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores
Devolat.

Here too is VENUS, detected by her husband, in the embraces of the god MARS; who, as a mere image of voluptuous desire, is not to be too much commended or praised. The freshness of his colours, and the fund of his invention, notwithstanding what has been urged against it, are, perhaps, more to be applauded than his outline; and, when the arduous and painful situation of the artist, in painting a cieling, is considered, he seems to deserve our approbation, in a more eminent degree than most of his profession.

In painting a portable picture, however large, it is in the power of the artist to adjust it in a manner, which best suits his light or convenience; but in a cieling, he must continue on his legs or knees, on a high scaffold, with every disadvantage; and, instead of an easy horizontal position of his whole body, throw his head back, in a perpendicular one, to the great danger of breaking his neck, until the whole be complete. The peculiar difficulty of this situation would induce one to think, that the planks of the cieling, after they were sketched out and planned, were taken down; and, after the artist had completed his labours, were again restored to their proper place. It was the great fatigue, perhaps, attendant on painting of this kind, which so often induced VERRIO to withdraw from BURGHLEY to Stamford, for relaxation; from whence he could not be dragged by the Earl, to his unfinished task, without great importunity, and large doses of claret.

As soon as we leave this magnificently painted room, we are ushered immediately into that called Hell, characterized by MILTON as,

———— “ the doleful shades,
“ Where hope never comes, that comes to all.”

Fortunately, however, there is a path to escape from this fabulous place of torment, by a handsome geometrical stone stair-case, which leads into the old Gothic hall below. It was executed by one JOHNSON, of King-street, Golden-square, in a very light and elegant manner; though the fine stone pillars, which now support the landing place above, were substituted, through unavoidable disappointment, in the place of more expensive and magnificent marble.

Our readers will possess a more striking idea of VERRIO's performance in this apartment, by perusing the following fine lines, descriptive of Hell, from the sixth book of the *Æneid*, than from any account we can render them.

Vestibulum ante ipsum primisq; in faucibus Orci,
Luctus et Ultrices posuere cubilia curæ;
Pallentesq; habitant morbi, tristisq; senectus,
Et metus, et malesuada Fames, et turpis egestas,
Terribiles visu formæ: Lethumq; laborq;
Tum consanguineus Lethi sopor, et mala mentis
Gaudia, mortiferumq; adverso in limine bellum,
Ferreiq; Eumenidum thalami, et discordia demens
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.

Probability, however, would have suffered less violation,

if Signior VERRIO had placed it a little farther from the neighbourhood of Heaven, which he might easily have done, by painting a Popish Purgatory between them. The figures are all executed in this apartment in as masterly a manner as in the former; and, in no place, do we perceive what that sage antiquarian Mr. PECK has been pleased to represent as an *Italian bite*. What he asserts, therefore, to be the effect of the dung of one of the devils, and supposed by the ignorant to proceed from an infirm cieling, is now nowhere to be found; so that he was either originally wrong in conjecture, or this apparent blemish has been since carefully effaced, by some other hand.

SECT.

SECT. XII.

*FARTHER ANECDOTES OF VERRIO, AND SOMETHING
OF LA GUERRE.*

THOUGH VERRIO's reputation at BURGHLEY must have been considerable, from the sum of fifteen hundred a year, which he received from the Earl, while he resided there; yet it would seem, as if he had been treated with no great ceremony, by the servants and other guests. Among the names of the sixty-three persons, who made up the Earl of EXETER's family, as it stood April 25th 1694, Mr. PECK has been pleased, though he forgot the scullion, to distribute him into the same groupe with the page, the caterer, and the postillion. Is it not therefore probable, that he excited in them more ridicule, for jabbering bad English, than respect for the exertions of fine painting? As persons, ignorant of merit, yet discern

cern defects, it is not unlikely, that they considered him as an usurping foreigner, whose commands deserved contempt; and that he looked upon them, in return, as slaves, who could never sufficiently understand, nor adore his genius.

An artist, so much carested by the Nobility, at their different seats, could not but, in some measure, be *blown up*; the consequence being, that, by the domestics of their families, he was sure to be *blown upon*, or *blown down*. As to the servants, it is evident, from his conduct, that he claimed a right to command the men; and, when his claret loving blood sounded the alarm, to enjoy the women. Being extremely expensive, he kept a great table; and so often pressed CHARLES the Second for money, that, prodigal as he was, his Majesty did not well know how to refuse it. At Hampton Court, one day, when he had recently received a thousand pounds, he found the King in such a throng, that he could not well approach him. He contrived, however, to exclaim, "Sire, Sire," as loud as he could bawl, "I desire the honour of presenting your Majesty a petition;" — to which his Majesty returned, "Well, VERRIO, what is it?" — "*Money, money*, Sire," replied VERRIO, with confidence and great emphasis: "I am so short in cash, that I am unable to pay my workmen; and your Majesty and I have learned, by experience, that pedlars and painters cannot give credit long." The King, smiling, observed he had but lately ordered him 100*l*. "Yes, Sire," replied he, with a shrug of nonchalance,

nonshalance, “but that was soon paid away, and I have no gold left.” “At that rate,” said the King, “you would spend more than I do, to maintain my family.” — “True,” answered the other, “but does your Majesty, like VERRIO, keep an open table?”

The Revolution being, by no means, agreeable to his religion and principles, VERRIO quitted his place at Court; and refused, for some time, to labour for King WILLIAM; but, by the repeated persuasion of Lord EXETER, consented at last to return to it. Of some of his paintings, at Hampton Court, however, and at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, he was ashamed, when he grew old. He is said, at one of these places, to have drawn the house-keeper one of the furies; and, among the spectators of CHRIST’s healing the sick, himself in a long periwig. From an anecdote, preserved in the Earl of EXETER’s family, this great artist appears to have been a true Italian, as well in temper, as he was in genius. While he was engaged in the execution of his mimic hell, a female servant of great beauty resented the gallantries of Seignior VERRIO; but VERRIO, knowing not, like a good christian, how to forgive an act of disdain, resigned her immediately over to an eternity of *hell torments*: and, by delineating his old sweet-heart in the midst of his other demons and sprites, with a pack of hell-hounds about her, has thus perpetuated his own skill and disgrace, by one and the same act. He has, however, drawn her a very comely ghost; and, though we might wish for a mitigation of her punishment,

punishment, here must she stay, as long as the colours of VERRIO shall endure; and endure, perhaps, they may, to the very end of time.

LOUIS-LA-GUERRE, of whom we now speak, was born at Paris; and, as a proof of great honour and favour, received his christian name of LOUIS, from the great, ostentatious LOUIS the Fourteenth, Grand Monarch of France, who became his god-father: though, perhaps, the most improper person in the world to promise three things in his name, the Renunciation of all the pomps and vanities of life being one. Coming to England, in 1683, he was employed by VERRIO; when he painted the large ball-room at BURGHLEY, which is 50 feet by 25, in a most superb and elegant manner. The cieling is magnificently adorned with a history of the planets, such as superstition, blended with fable, first induced men to believe; and the sides with that of the eventful turns of war, such as writers of the greatest probity, PLUTARCH and others, have been pleased to transmit. At the bottom of one of these fine pieces of painting, which it is probable the artist thought his best, he has left us the monogram of his name, LOUIS-LA-GUERRE, in letters very largely inscribed.

To render a faithful account of the painting on the cieling of this apartment, it may be requisite to subpoena the deceased artist from the shades; as no one, we presume, can understand his philosophy so well as he;

he; though it may, perhaps, speak something like the following language.

His canit errantem lunam solisq; labores,
Unde hominum genus, et pecudes, unde, imber
Et ignes :
Arcturum, pluviasq; Hyadas, geminosq; Triones.

From the mantle-piece to the cieling, extending a great many feet each way, is a sublime representation of ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA, the famous Queen of Egypt, with her maids, in figures as large as the life. ANTHONY, being wounded, in consequence of the last battle, which he fought with AUGUSTUS, at Actium, throws himself at the bottom of her monument; and, whilst his eyes turn up, in a melancholy manner, towards her, she is seen exerting herself to draw him into it. The situation is certainly most interestingly pathetic; and such as La GUERRE has atchieved with great dexterity and skill. Opposite to this is the delineation of the Emperor CONSTANTINE; who, mounted on a milk-white charger, is seen contending in battle with MAXENTIUS. The horses, as well as the men, are here drawn as large as the life; the crowds of lances, spears, shields, &c. on every side, is immense; and all the confusion of war described in a manner most masterly and awful. The painting on this side extends in length about thirty feet; and is one of the noblest we ever saw.

At the bottom of the room, opposite the light of the large, superb and lofty fretted bow-window,
the

the Continnence of SCIPIO, to his fair Captive, is described by the same hand. It is not improper to observe, in this place, that, at Bruges, there is a painting of SCIPIO's Continnence, that contains twenty six figures, much larger than life, being nearly ten feet high. It is the joint performance of RUBENS, VANDYCK, and THULDEN; and so much was it admired by the Emperor CHARLES the Fifth, that he wished to obtain it, by purchase. If the apartment, in which it was placed, was commodious, it must have appeared both pleasing and natural; but, if too diminutive, altogether monstrous.

It is, we imagine, from the size of the present room at BURGHLEY, that most of the figures painted in it, which are, perhaps, larger than men in common life, seem of such natural proportions. If any in this last story is deserving of criticism, it is the figure of the Captive, who does not possess all that interesting expression, which her situation so strikingly demands. Before we condemn her, however, it would be well to consider whether it is, or is not, in the power of any artist whatever, to effect all that we here wish. Where passions are simple, and permanent, the ill success of an artist must expose him indeed; but he does not seem liable to the same censure, where they are compound, changeable, and rapid, as they most undoubtedly were in the fair Captive. This is a situation more easily hit off by a performer on the stage, than by any artist, however skilful. Surprise, gratitude, and joy, mingled with a shade of tenderness, ought to be

be the predominant emotions of such a person; but, as they would rather succeed one another, than possess her all at once, how could an artist, whose productions are drawn to one point, depict their fugitive succession? LOUIS LA GUERRE is said to have expired suddenly, at the play-house, in 1721, at the age of fifty eight. This noble apartment, when illuminated by its lustres and chandeliers, painted as it is, on all sides, must strike a spectator with great admiration; nor can its magnificence, at that time, be very easily surpassed.

SECT.

SECT. XIII.

AS the following paper from the Tatler (No. 209, vol. IV.) comes, with great propriety, into the History of BURGHLEY, we do not scruple to insert it, in the words of its Author, as a pleasing addition to the remarks contained in our last.

“ A noble painter, who has an ambition to draw an history piece, has desired of me to give him a subject on which he may show the utmost force of his art and genius. For this purpose, I have fixed upon that remarkable incident between ALEXANDER the Great and his physician. This prince, in the midst of his conquests in Perſia, was seized by a violent fever; and, according to the account we have of his vast mind, his thoughts were more employed about his recovery, as it regarded the war, than as it concerned his own life. He professed that a slow method was worse than death to him, because it was, what he more dreaded, an interruption of his glory. He desired a dangerous, so it might be a speedy, remedy. During
this

this impatience of the king, it is well known, that DARIUS had offered an immense sum to any who should take away his life. But PHILIPPUS, the most esteemed and most knowing of his physicians, promised, that, within three days time, he would prepare a medicine for him, which should restore him more expeditiously than could be imagined."

"Immediately after this engagement, ALEXANDER receives a letter from the most considerable of his captains, with intelligence, that DARIUS had bribed PHILIPPUS to poison him. Every circumstance imaginable favoured this suspicion; but this monarch, who did nothing but in an extraordinary manner, concealed the letter, and, while the medicine was preparing, spent all his thoughts upon his behaviour in this important incident. From his long soliloquy, he came to this resolution: "ALEXANDER must not lie here alive to be oppressed by his enemy. I will not believe my physician guilty; or I will perish rather by his guilt than my own diffidence." At the appointed hour PHILIPPUS enters with the potion. One cannot but form to one's-self, on this occasion, the encounter of their eyes, the resolution in those of the patient, and the benevolence in the countenance of the physician. The hero raised himself in his bed, and holding the letter in one hand, and the potion in the other, drank the medicine. It will exercise my friend's pencil and brain to place this action in its proper beauty. A prince observing the features of a suspected traitor, after having drank the poison he offered

1

offered him, is a circumstance so full of passion, that it will require the highest strength of his imagination to conceive it, much more to express it. But, as painting is eloquence and poetry in mechanism, I shall raise his ideas, by reading with him the finest draughts of the passions concerned in this circumstance, from the most excellent poets and orators.

“ The confidence which ALEXANDER assumes, from the air of PHILIPPUS’s face, as he is reading his accusation, and the generous disdain which is to rise in the features of a falsely accused man, are principally to be regarded. In this particular he must heighten his thoughts, by reflecting, that he is not drawing only an innocent man traduced, but a man zealously affected to his person and safety, full of resentment, for being thought false. How shall we contrive to express the highest admiration mingled with disdain? How shall we, in strokes of a pencil, say what PHILIPPUS did to his prince on this occasion? “ Sir, my life never depended on your’s more than it does now. Without knowing this secret, I prepared the potion, which you have taken as what concerned PHILIPPUS, no less than ALEXANDER; and there is nothing new in this adventure, but that it makes me still more admire the generosity and confidence of my Master.” ALEXANDER took him by the hand, and said “ PHILIPPUS, I am confident you had rather I had any other way to manifest the faith I have in you, than a case which so nearly concerns me: and in gratitude, I now assure you, I am anxious for
the

the effect of your Medicine, more for your sake than my own. My painter, continues the Tatler, is employed by a man of sense and wealth, to furnish him a gallery, and I shall join, in the designing part, with my friend.

“ It is the great use of pictures to raise in our minds, either agreeable ideas of our absent friends, or high images of eminent personages. But the latter design is, methinks, carried on in a very improper way for, to fill a room full of battle pieces, pompous histories of sieges, and a tall hero alone in a crowd of insignificant figures about him, is of no consequence to private men. But, to place before our eyes, great and illustrious men in those parts and circumstances of life, wherein their behaviour may have an effect upon our minds, as being such as we partake with them, merely as they were men; such as these, I say, may be just and useful ornaments of an elegant apartment. In this collection, therefore, that we are making, we will not have the battles, but the sentiments of ALEXANDER. The affair we were just now talking of has circumstances of the highest nature, and yet their grandeur has little to do with his fortune. If by observing such a piece, as that of his taking a bowl of poison with so much magnanimity, a man, the next time, he has a fit of the spleen, is less froward to his friend, or his servants, thus far is some improvement. I have frequently thought, that, if we had many draughts which were historical, of certain passions, and had the true figure of the great men, we see transported by
1 2 them,

them, it would be of the most solid advantage imaginable. To consider this mighty man, on one occasion, administer to the wants of a poor foldier, benumbed with cold, with the greatest humanity; at another, barbarously stabbing a faithful officer: At one time, so generously chaste and virtuous as to give his captive *STATIRA* her liberty; at another, burning a town at the instigation of *THAIS*. These sort of changes, in the same person, are what would be more beneficial lessons of morality, than the several revolutions in a great man's fortune. There are but one or two in an age, to whom the pompous incidents of his life can be exemplary; but I, or any man, may be as sick, as good natured, as compassionate, and as angry as *ALEXANDER* the Great.

“ My purpose in all this chat is, that so excellent a furniture may not, for the future, have so romantick a turn, but allude to incidents which come within the fortunes of the ordinary race of men. I do not know but it is by the force of this senseless custom, that people are drawn in postures they would not, for half they are worth, be surpris'd in. The unparalleled fierceness of some rural Squires, drawn in red, or in armour, who never dreamed to destroy any thing above a fox, is a common and ordinary offence of this kind. But I shall give an account of our whole gallery on another occasion.”

SECT.

SECT. XIV.

THE CHAPEL AT BURGHLEY HOUSE.

IT is probable, that the Chapel at BURGHLEY House, differs, in many respects, from that in most noblemen's seats in the kingdom; as it evidently does from the Chapel of Stow, which belongs to the Marquis of BUCKINGHAM, and from that of Castle Ashby to the Earl of NORTHAMPTON. In most noble houses, it is either built on, or below, the level of the ground rooms, and generally paved with black and white marble; whereas at BURGHLEY, it is found on a level with the first range of rooms, above stairs, with a floor of very regularly laid deal. Though the strangers and pilgrims, who resort to it, walk upon nothing but the plain board, it is an offering well worthy so holy a place, as it is entirely without spot and blemish, and presents the most beautiful symmetry to the eye! Its dimensions are likewise considerably greater than those of most chapels of the nobility, being 33 by 21, even in the inner space.

The picture formerly over the altar was a representation of LAZARUS, conveyed by the angels into ABRAHAM'S bosom; but has been since changed for that of a conference, which ZEBEDEE'S wife holds with our Saviour, when she petitions him in behalf of her two sons, JAMES and JOHN, as it is drawn by PAUL VERONESE. To say how much this change is for the better, as we never saw the first, is altogether impossible. The present is, however, a very fine piece, and highly worthy the artist who drew it. It is said, "that this PAUL VERONESE, alias CAGLIARO, was born at Verona; that he was the creator of a new manner, of excellent fancy, and most fruitful invention, for which he was much admired by GUIDO. He excelled in drapery and colouring, to which last, he was, above all things, attentive. He embellished his compositions with beautiful structures, in a fine and masterly style, in which he seems to have studied PALLADIO."

The pictures in the chapel, besides this over the altar, consist of six pieces in number, all very large; three of which are very methodically arranged on each side. These are, first SOLOMON'S Idolatry, and the Finding of MOSES, by CARLO LOTTI; MARY MAGDALEN, meeting JESUS, and the Adoration of the Shepherds, by LIBERI; SAUL and the Witch of Endor, by ZANCHI; and JEPHTHA'S Vow, by JORDANO. Of the last great artist we have already treated, in a very particular manner, when we had occasion to mention his picture of SENECA; and of the rest we know none, who excited our admiration so much as the ingenious CARLO LOTTI, in his
piece

piece of the Finding of MOSES. In this, the artist has thought proper, for reasons best known to those of his profession, to differ a little from the history of MOSES, as it is expressed, in the sixth verse of the second chapter of Exodus: where we are informed, that, when PHARAOH's daughter had opened the ark, "She saw the child; and, behold, the babe wept." Notwithstanding this declaration of scripture, and the mourning of every new born babe, the artist has described an uncommon degree of brightness in his eyes, as he throws them with eagerness towards his preserver, the daughter of PHARAOH. If an infant MOSES, while weeping, be most natural, he is certainly not so graceful a figure, nor so highly in character, as the infant, which the painter here gives us; and who was one day to perform strange wonders in the land of Israel! The fact is plainly this, that he is like no other child; and the emotion in the countenance of the king's daughter, as she beholds him, is such as may be imagined, in one of a benevolent disposition, who looks upon infancy at all, but, particularly, upon infancy so exposed. It seems, indeed, to assure us, of what we are already told, that she had compassion upon him, and said, "this is one of the Hebrews' children." As to the Witch of Endor, she is, as Mr. PECK has observed, one of the most complete hags that was ever seen; so that she appears a very proper person to have alarmed SAUL, and to have answered the painter's intention.

Thus much for the pictures of the chapel; but, when we cast our eyes on the carved work, on all sides, which, in some places, gracefully depends, in the form of festoons; in that of olive branches, in others, as around the altar; or which seems to hover in the shape of galleys turtles and doves, we are reminded of that exquisite art, which our old Translators of the Bible have been pleased to express by the term of the cunning work of the first tabernacle of yore! The pulpit and desk, which stand near the altar, on each side, are composed of the finest mahogany; and support, with the other mahogany seats, in the inner chapel, that claim to reverence and antiquity, to which the buildings of BURGHLEY are so eminently entitled!

As there are three excellently painted panes, in one of the windows, in an apartment, at this noble mansion, we might be also led to expect them in the window of the chapel, on which they could not fail to cast a more venerable and religious light! It is proper, however, to observe, that, as it is not in the Gothic style, which style is most subject to painting of this kind, it would certainly obstruct the light, which is requisite to be thrown on the pictures there; so, that the one could not well subsist with the other.

This chapel, alone, with its pictures, its carved work, and its furniture, if properly valued, would furnish a sum every way sufficient to rear no contemptible

temptible mansion for the abode of an elegant country gentleman: and we should not be surpris'd, if many of our readers have seen an honest rector, or some other such person, endeavouring to puff off an estate and tenement, which never cost him half so much! It has been asserted, with truth, that a sovereign, who once held the balance of Europe, the enlightened ELISABETH of England, often paid a visit to BURGHLEY; and that, on those occasions, it was her custom, when she attended divine service, to place herself on the left side of the chapel, nearest the altar, which has ever since been distinguished by the appellation of Queen ELISABETH's seat. In conforming to this custom, her Majesty's policy might have promised itself many ends. It might have been done, in the first place, as an instance of her great deference and respect to the Lord Treasurer BURLEIGH, perhaps, the first man, and minister, of his age; and to prove, that, though she was sovereign of the whole Kingdom, that every man, according to the laws of her realm, was a sort of sub-sovereign, in his own castle, and over his own domains. It is somewhat singular to consider that, when that royal personage honoured BURGHLEY with her presence, it was not near so sumptuous and magnificent as it has since been. Neither VERRIO nor LA GUERRE, to whom it is so much obliged, was then in being; nor were there then many of those busts, pictures, and other curiosities, which were, afterwards, by the descendants of the
Lord

Lord Treasurer, brought to it from Rome. Her magnificent state bed, which is still shown, is, perhaps, with some very ancient china and furniture, the only reliques of BURGHLEY, in the days of the great Queen BESS, to whom the nations of Europe looked with veneration, and in whom the laws and religion of Britain found a friend !

SECT.

SECT XV.

PAINTING upon glass makes but a very small part of the decorations of BURGHLEY House; and, except three of the lower panes, in a window of one of the state rooms, I know nothing of the kind, that is to be found here. The representation on the middle pane is that of an old bishop, on his right that of an old cathedral; and, on his left, that of an old miser, counting his money.

Speaking of painted glass, the author of *Anecdotes of Painting in England* observes, "It is a secret, which has never been lost, as I shall show by a regular series of its professors. The first interruption given to it, was by the Reformation, which banished the art out of churches; but it was, in some measure, kept up in the escutcheons of the nobility and gentry, in the windows of their seats. Towards the end of Queen ELIZABETH's reign, it was omitted
even

even there, yet the practice did not entirely cease. The chapel of our Lady, at Warwick, was ornamented anew, by ROBERT DUDLEY, Earl of LEICESTER, and his Countess; and the cypher of the glass painter's name yet remains with the date of 1574; and, in some of the chapels at Oxford, the art again appears, dating itself in 1622, by the hand of no contemptible master. I could supply even the gap of forty eight years, by many dates on Flemish glass; but nobody ever supposed, that the secret was lost so early as the reign of JAMES the First; and that it has not perished since, will be evident, from the following series, reaching to the present hour;" which the author then proceeds to prove at length, in the second volume of his entertaining work. I do not believe it is expressly known, by whom these three panes at BURGHLEY were so adorned; but, perhaps, by the artist at Birmingham, who, a few years ago, fitted up a window for Lord LYTTLETON in the church of Hagley.

In this apartment is a fine picture, a half length, of Madame MAINTENON, copied from LE BRUN; and another of CHARLES the Twelfth of Sweden, nineteen years of age, as he was dressed when he went to war with the King of Denmark. The eyes of this piece, and the whole countenance, which is sharp and piercing, are characteristic of all the fire which CHARLES possessed; while the brass buttons, appendant to his coat, conform with the very particular account, which VOLTAIRE has left us of his style of dress. Here too are the pictures of the Duke

Duke of ALVA, by V. VERONESE, whose persecutions, in the reign of PHILIP, and the Low Countries, are so well known; THOMAS Earl of EXETER, the son of the Treasurer; and of DOROTHY NEVIL, Countess of EXETER, Daughter of JOHN Lord LATIMER, by CORNELIUS JANSEN. Speaking of CORNELIUS JANSEN, the author of the Anecdotes observes, that so good a style of colouring was hardly formed here. "His pictures are easily distinguished by their clearness, neatness, and smoothness. They are generally painted on board, and, except being a little stiff, are often strongly marked with a fair character of nature; and remarkable for a lively tranquillity in their countenances. His draperies are seldom but black. His first works in England are dated about 1618. He dwelt in the Black Friars, and had much business. One of his best works was the picture of a Lady BOYER, of the family of AUGER, called, for her exquisite beauty, the *Star of the East*.

As we have here mentioned the picture of THOMAS Earl of EXETER, it will not be improper to observe, that he was the first nobleman, who was advanced to the title of being Earl of the principal city, while another had the dignity of being Earl of the same county, CHARLES BLUNT being then Earl of Devonshire. Of the arms of the Earls of EXETER, it is somewhat remarkable, that they should be the only ones, among all the nobility of these kingdoms, whose crest has two supporters. The arms are Barry
of

of ten, argent and azure. Over all six escutcheons, 3, 2, and 1 fable, each charged with a lion rampant on the field. The crest is a chapeau gules, turned up; ermine two garbs, which in heraldry signifies a sheaf of wheat or any other grain; or supported by two lions, that on the dexter side argent, on the sinister azure. The lions, which support the arms, are lions ermine.

The pictures in the Billiard room, which we have not yet mentioned, are all of the family; in number eighteen, in general half lengths, and in a good state of preservation. This brings to my mind, that one VANDERMIJN, a Dutch artist, in the reign of GEORGE the First, is said to have received 500*l.* for repairing the paintings at BURGHLEY; a task not less difficult than dangerous. Among other pieces, we must not omit to mention the Ebony Cabinet, the front and sides of which are excellently painted by RUBENS; and exhibits, at one end, his three wives. This artist being one of the first of his profession, and of those at BURGHLEY, he deserves to be more particularly set forth. As I prefer the life, which is written of him, by the author of the Anecdotes, to that in the Encyclopædia, I shall derive my principal information from thence.

“He is,” says that author, “perhaps, the single artist who attracts the suffrages of every rank. One may justly call him the *popular painter*. His father was Doctor of Laws, and Senator of Antwerp, which he quitted on the troubles of that country, and retired, with

with his family, to Cologne, where, on the feast of St. PETER and PAUL, his wife was delivered of RUBENS, in 1577. Seldom as he practised it, RUBENS was never greater than in landscape; the tumble of his rocks and trees, the deep shadows in his glades and glooms, the watery sun-shine and dewy verdure, show a variety of genius, which are not to be found in the inimitable, but uniform, glow of CLAUDE LORRAIN. He built a palace, and painted it within and without. His Cabinet, or Rotunda, was enriched with antique vases, statues, medals, and pictures. The DUKE of BUCKINGHAM saw and coveted it. LE BLOND negotiated the Bargain, to which RUBENS consented with regret. The Favourite, who was bent on the purchase, gave, it is said, ten thousand pounds for what had not cost above a thousand. Among other things, that are related of him, is told a very good story. A chymist tendering him a share of his laboratory, and his hope of the Philosopher's stone, RUBENS carried the visionary into his painting room, and told him "his offer was dated twenty years too late, for so long it is, said he, since I found the art of making gold with my palette and pencils."

As soon as he returned to Antwerp, from whence he had gone for a time, his various talents were so conspicuous, that he was pitched upon to negotiate a treaty of peace between Spain and England. Neither CHARLES nor RUBENS overlooked in the ambassador the talents of the painter. The king engaged him to paint the cieling of the banquetting

banquetting house. RUBENS received three thousand pounds for this work. This great painter was knighted at White-hall, February 21st, 1630, and the king gave him an addition to his arms, on a dexter canon gules, a lion passant or. We have in England several capital works of RUBENS. VILLIERS, Duke of BUCKINGHAM, had thirteen, and Sir PETER LELY five. The Dutchess of MARLBOROUGH offered any price for his pictures. They are the first ornaments of Blenheim, but have suffered by neglect. At Wilton are two, one the Assumption of the Virgin, painted for the Earl of ARUNDEL, while RUBENS was in England, and with which he was so pleased himself, that he afterwards made a large picture from it, for a convent at Antwerp. At Houghton is that masterly piece, MARY MAGDALEN, anointing the feet of CHRIST; and a large cartoon of MELEAGER and ATALANTA. Though twenty authors have written of this artist, this is all, that can conveniently come within the scope of our observations. He died of the gout in his own country, in 1640.

SECT.

 SECT. XVI.

 ANTIQUITIES AND CURIOSITIES OF BURGHLEY
HOUSE.

AMONG the curiosities of BURGHLEY, there is none more pleasing than CHRIST'S last Supper with his Apostles, in alto relievo, as it is ingeniously performed by the hand of that great artist GRIMLIN GIBBONS. The sculptor seems, in this fine piece of carved work, to allude to that passage of the gospel, in which our Saviour declares, that one of them shall betray him; and in which they began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I?

"There is no instance," says Lord ORFORD, "of a man before GIBBONS, who gave to wood the

loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species. His art penetrated all materials, for he equally excelled in marble, metal or wood. The base of the statue of CHARLES the First, at Charing Cross, was his work; and, at BURGHLEY," continues he, "is a noble profusion of his carving in picture frames, chimney-pieces, and door cases; and the last Supper, in alto relievo, finely executed." After such an authority as Lord ORFORD's it will be needless to say more of it, only that it is now removed from the Jewel Closet, where it formerly hung, to a situation that becomes it better.

In an apartment, on the south side of the house, among other curiosities, the eye is struck with a very pleasing antique, which was found in Adrian's Villa, near Rome, in 1630. It is the marble representation of a CUPID, caressing a dead pigeon or dove, standing a tip-toe on a square pedestal, finely carved, with his pinions and shoulders resting against a pillar. Below the cornice of the third division of the pedestal, are the following words in latin, which are now nearly obliterated by time, and of which the cognoscenti may make what sense they can. "D. M. Quintiae Saturninae G. Valerii terminalis Coniu c suae carissimae. FF." A letter seems to have been defaced in the word immediately following terminalis, which we conceive, it will not be very easy to supply.

In the apartment, next to the large one called Heaven, near the entrance of each door, our admiration

tion is called forth, by two beautiful large slabs, composed of the lava, highly polished, which flowed from an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. On each of these stand two vases, of RAPHAEL's ware; which are ornamented about the mouth and handles with snakes of the same materials. They are about two feet and a half in height; and exhibit about their base, which is circular, some words in the modern Italian. Immediately under the slabs, are to be seen two sarcophagus's, or rather urns, of a very unusual construction. They are of a quadrangular shape, curiously carved, about a foot each way; and, though they differ a little in size, are so heavy, that they would furnish HERCULES with a new labour to lift them. One of them was found with the ashes of the dead deposited in it; and, though its inscription is defaced, its cover may be put on or off with little trouble. The other exhibits itself altogether in one immovable mass, and, on its front, these words, in latin, "*Offa Metelli Aretis;*" with some others, which we have forgot, importing that he was Quæstor, at such a portion of time: but, whether all a man's bones, though reduced to the finest ashes, can be contained in an urn of so small a size, where the thickness of the stone contrasts its internal extension each way, will be a question for none but an antiquarian to solve.

Another antique, deserving of some attention, is a vase of alabaster pecorilla, which was found in a vineyard, near the Porta Salerno, at Rome. It is little more than a foot in height; and, like a true

antique, appears to have had a flaw, which has been since very carefully repaired. It is, probably, of that kind called *Lygdinum marmor*, by the ancients; but, from its great antiquity, appears to have lost all its transparency and brightness. If we recollect right, it is not unlike that stone which composes the substance of the two quadrangular urns; which, from the similarity of weight, similarity of age, and similarity of vessel, seems highly probable. Alabaster in itself is a kind of soft marble. It ferments with acids, and readily calcines in the fire.

Over a beautiful *scaglioli* mantle-piece, in another apartment, is placed the head of *MEDUSA*, which is wrought in pure marble, in a manner at once to fascinate and astonish! It is a copy by *NOLIKENS*, from a fine antique, in the *Rondonini* palace, at Rome, 1764. On the right of this stands the figure of *APOLLO*, which is a copy by *GIUSEPPE CLAUS*, from the beautiful statue, at the Grand Duke's palace, on the *Trinitadi Mount*, at Rome; and on the left, that of the *VENUS BEL FRESSE*, which is also a copy by the same hand, in exactly the same style. The art of man seems incapable of accomplishing any thing more exquisite in their kind than these statues; and, as if the hard marble communicated a tenderness to the heart of the beholders, which it does, in no manner, possess itself. They are about three feet high; and the chemise, or loose mantle, which falls negligently down the left side of the *VENUS*, though
solid

solid marble, appears to present all the natural softness, as well as beautiful transparency, of the finest lawn.

On one pedestal of mahogany, finely carved, in another apartment, is represented an infant *HERCULES*, in bronze, made by *ALGARDI*, strangling the snakes, which was procured from the famous *Dr. MEAD*'s collection in 1755; and on another of the same wood, *LAOCOON* and his two sons, encompassed by the snakes, as described in *VIRGIL*'s second *Æneid*.

“ Illi agmine certo
Laocoonta petunt : et primum parva duorum
 Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterq ;
 Implicat, et miseros morfu depascitur artus.
 Post, ipsum auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem
 Corripiunt, spirisq ; ligant ingentibus : et jam
 Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
 Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.
 Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos,
 Perfusus sanie vittas atroq ; veneno ;
 Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit.”

Though this representation of *LAOCOON* and his sons appears taken from the poet's description, if the opinion of one of his commentators be just, *VIRGIL* has, on the contrary, derived it from an ancient statue, extant in his days.

We will mention no other curiosities, for the present, than the poet's own Tomb, at *Posilipo*, which is very ingeniously executed, by *Dr. Du-Bourg*, with

cork, adorned with mofs. It is placed upon a rich cabinet, under a glafs cafe; and is the exact refemblance of that, which moft travellers and painters have appropriated to the memory of that great man. It is about a foot and a half high, and really feems, as it is, the venerable monument of near two thousand years.

SECT.

 SECT. XVII.

CURIOSITIES OF BURGHLEY.

EQUALLY various and pleasing are the other curiosities, which are to be seen in this noble and truly magnificent museum. Of this kind we esteem the little antique of a boy, bearing a lamb, about a foot and a half high; which is said to have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum, near to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, in 1760. It appears, from the cement, about the waist and ancles, to have been broke in those parts. It's head reclines to the right; and, though he appears to use effort, it is merely an effort, which gracefully displays all parts of his person. When a gladiator, or full grown strong man, is stripped for the combat, his muscles immediately appear, in every athletic limb, to the beholders, with a degree of terror; whereas, the greatest exertions of a young child

attended with no such effects, and seldom disorder the little round rolls, and plump protuberances of his flesh. His efforts and ardor may, indeed, provoke a smile; but seldom any other sensation; and such, we may say, we feel, in the examination of this little piece of virtù. The nature and truth of the sculpture, therefore, as well as its great antiquity, deserve no small attention. No statues were dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum before the year 1711, when the Prince of ELBEUF, going to build over this place, in digging for a well, discovered some reliques of ancient art. In a farther prosecution of the work, by the King of the two Sicilies, in the year 1738, the Theatre was discovered; since which time, innumerable curious busts, statues, and all sort of household utensils, have been found.

Faithful and just is the copy, which we find taken, at BURGHLEY, in plaister of Paris, of the Portland Vase, as it is depicted in a very excellent plate, in one of the volumes of Dr. DARWIN's *Loves of the Plants*. The *Biographia Britannica* observes of the vase itself, that it is a celebrated funeral vase, which was long in possession of the Barberini family; but which was lately purchased for 1000 guineas, by the Duke of PORTLAND, from whom it derived its name. Its height is about ten inches, and its diameter, where broadest, six. There are a variety of figures upon it, of most exquisite workmanship, in bas relief of white opaque glass, raised on a ground of deep blue glass, which appears black, except when held against the light. It seems to have been the
work

work of many years, and there are antiquarians, who date its production several centuries before the christian æra; since, as has been said, sculpture was declining in excellence, in the time of ALEXANDER the Great.

Respecting the purpose of this vase, and what the figures are meant to represent, there have been a variety of conjectures, which it is not our business to enumerate. We think, with Dr. DARWIN, that it was not made for the ashes of any particular person deceased; and, therefore, that the subject of it's embellishment is not a private history, but of a general nature. But we are not sure, say the authors, that he is right in conjecturing it to represent a part of the Eleusinian mysteries, because that conjecture depends on Warburton's explanation of the sixth book of the *Æneid*, which does not now command that respect which it did, when it was first proposed. The dimensions of the copy appear equal to those of it's original; and it's expense must, of course, bear some sort of equal proportion. The Doctor's Loves of the Plants possess more merit, for the learned account which they exhibit of this vase, and some other matters of science, than for even their strains of harmonious poetry.

The Porcelain Tower, at Nankin, in China, as it is set off, in our museum, may next claim attention. This architecture in mother of pearl, ten stories high, is extremely curious; and discovers as refined

refined a degree of art, as Solomon's Temple, on Mount Moriah, which was raised in clay and stone. The pearl is crossed, at particular distances, by little minute lines of gold, to resemble brick; and every separate division has a ballustrade round it of the finest and smallest carved pearl. It is, however, too tiny and delicate to be inhabited by any being of superior bulk to Queen MAB, or the King of the Fairies, with a few of his fairy train. On either side this, in the same apartment, are hung up two fine pieces of old Roman ruins, in mosaic work; in which the art itself, with the greatest propriety, appears adapted to the subject. Our readers of less experience than the rest may understand this, when they are told, that mosaic work is an ingenious assemblage of little pieces of glass, marble, shells and precious stones, of various colours, cemented on a ground of stucco; and which, in their form and natural shades, bear the most striking resemblance to the painter's best efforts.

In the large room called Heaven, two noble half busts, in the finest white marble, of JOHN, Earl of Exeter, and his Countess ANNE, make their appearance, on two elegant lofty pedestals of mahogany. They are the same to whom the superb monument is erected in the church of St. Martin's, at Stamford, and executed by PETER MONOT, of Besancon, in his usual sublime taste. In the next apartment is a striking antique of the Empress LIVIA, the wife, we presume, of AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, from Dr. MEAD's collection, in 1755. It is a figure about two feet high,

on

on a small pedestal of black marble. As ornaments to two different windows, there are placed in them the representations of two children, on down beds, of pure marble, in different postures. One is sculptured fast asleep, with his little cheek apparently sinking into it: and the other as just awake from slumber. Wax, or even clay, of the most ductile and plastic kind, could not obey the hand in a more natural and pleasing manner. They are both by the same artist, and bear the name of PETER MONOT, of Besancon. In another quarter, on a round pedestal, are seen two naked children, in marble, who, with great, but graceful, exertion, bear along, on their shoulders, a large marble fish. Under this, there is, in all probability, some mystic allusion, which none but an antiquarian can solve. One of them has had a small flaw; and what we observed, in regard to the little figure, dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum, whose exertion was without a visible extension of the fibres and muscles, may, very fairly, be applied to these. There are, besides, at BURGHLEY, two elegant little models of buildings: one of St. CLEMENT's Church, in the Strand, in common wood; and the other of the Temple at Jerusalem, very curiously carved, and inlaid with mother of pearl.

In an elegant closet, at one end of the house, extending several feet each way, in a frame of fine ebony, we were surprized with a curiosity of another kind, of which we now ought to bear record: it speaks, however, for itself in the following terms:

To

“ To the most sacred and serene Princess ANNE, Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland, this piece of penmanship, containing all the usual hands, practised in your Majesty’s Dominions, is most humbly dedicated and presented, by your Majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subject, JOHN LANGTON.”

Surrounded as it is, by several fine pictures, and a profusion of old china, the reader may form some idea of it’s merit, when we assure him, that it loses nothing, from being placed so exactly in the glaring neighbourhood of the other arts. If, in the ancient times, MOSES, CADMUS, or who you please, was the inventor of letters, Mr. LANGTON has been surely, in modern, their improver. Against those, however, who attribute them to MOSES, the learned VOSSIUS has been said to propose the following shrewd question: “ If the use of letters or the art of writing had not been known before the decalogue was delivered to MOSES, which way could the Israelites have read the law, as they were obliged to do, by divine command?”

SECT.

SECT. XVIII.

THOUGH one of the principal pieces of sculpture of BURGHLEY House bears no allusion to the story of ARION, as it is glanced at in VIRGIL's eighth Eclogue, "inter Delphinus Arion," it is said to have been taken from PLINY; and the scarceness of that author alone prevents us from now turning to the place. It is the charming effigy of a boy, just dead, in solid marble, supported by a dolphin; both of them again being upheld by a triangular marble pedestal, adorned at each end, with a ram's head, in the ionic order, most exquisitely carved! By its beautiful transparency, it cannot yet be of any great age; though, from the great labour and skill it exhibits, it deserves a duration little short of some of the precious reliques of Herculaneum. It is placed upon the top of the large landing place, in the apartment called Hell, from whence proceeds the double stair-case to the old gothic hall below; a situation of
all

all others the most eminently appropriated to such a piece of sculpture.

When the reader has imagined all the graceful contours, curves, and outlines, which even RAPHAEL could depict with his pencil, he may receive some faint idea of what the sculptor of this piece has achieved with his chisel; but, as this will still fall short of it's merit, he must represent to himself the hard marble softening into ductile wax, and taking all the fair and plastic impressions of infant flesh. It is difficult to know whether to praise most, the listless grace with which the depending arms, neck, and whole body of the boy are wrought, or the voluminous folds, with which this wondrous dolphin bears his burden! Thus seeming to repose at ease, the head or rather neck of the dolphin forms a prop for the neck of the boy; and, while his body is borne up by that of the fish, in a double fold, his legs, crossing each other, at the ancles, gracefully depend in the hollow just above its tail.

Hic labor, hoc opus est.

Does the dolphin bend, so does the corpse bend too; and that with so much natural grace, that we are astonished a design like this, with such materials, should be attended with such wonderful execution!

Conformable to the description of the ancients, who, according to RUMÆUS, speaking of the dolphin, observes, “*Falsò incurvo corpore pinxere,*” the sculptor
has

has been pleased to represent his dolphin also, though a modern piece, in the same manner. This bending of the body, however, he thinks, "*nisi fortê sic apparet. propter impetum ac velocitatem motûs cùm erumpit è mari: vere enim dicitur à Plinio, l. 9. 8. velocissimum omnium animalium non solùm marinorum, ocyor volucris, ocyor telo; tanta vi exilit, et plerumq; vela navium transvolet.*" The poem of "The Wanderer" contains the following pleasing lines on this subject:

Near Neptune's Temple, Neptune's now no more,
 Whose Statue plants a trident on the shore,
 In sportive rings the generous dolphins wind,
 And eye and think the Image human kind.
 Dear, pleasant friendship! &c.

agreeable to the assertion of the learned Commentator, who adds, *Delphini autem dicuntur et musicâ et amore hominum capi.*

In an apartment near the Jewel Closet is to be seen tapestry, in three large pieces, which, though near a hundred years of age, is still in an uncommon state of preservation. They extend about fifteen feet each way; and from the third foot from the ground, quite up to the gilt cornice at the top of the room; being terminated on each of the four sides, by a most noble border of carved work, out of the solid oak of the wainscot, executed by a person of Stamford, in a style very little inferior to the ingenious GIBBONS himself. The subject of one is the atmosphere or air, in which
 is

is represented a variety of the feathered race. *ÆOLUS*, or the God of the Winds, here makes his appearance; over against whom may be seen two Goddesses of the Sky, one of which seems to hold out the coat of arms of the Earl of EXETER, inscribed E. E. At the bottom of the tapestry, just within the carved work, we perused the following lines :

AER.

Te natura parens varios formavit in usus
 Fervida tu gelido recreas præcordia flatu ;
 Tu plantas vegetas segetesq ; herbamq ; virentem,
 Lætæ in te spatiantur aves gravidasq ; procellis,
 Nubes ventus agit vacuo diffusus aprico,
 Liber ab *Æolio* quoties dimittitur antro.

F. H.

To which the author has given the following translation in verse, which he does not intend as quite literal :

Nature, oh Air, obedient to thy skill,
 Fram'd thee the subject of its various will.
 When love-sick hearts are parched with keen desire,
 Thy fresh'ning gales oft mitigate the fire,
 The pow'rs of life thou freely dost convey,
 The shrubs, the plants, all waving, own thy sway,
 The birds too joyous feel thy tender care,
 And tune their pipes, and spread their plumes in air ;
 But, should the clouds assume a deeper form,
 Roll round the sun, or *tumble* into *storm* ;
 See soft *Æolian* gales of æther play,
 And heaven and nature too again are gay !

In

In another piece is described the effects of Fire, with figures equally emblematical of that element. Old VULCAN, who is here admirably pourtrayed, both in gesture and countenance, is to be seen at his anvil, with a variety of tools, which belong to his profession, as smith-general of the gods. Helmets, cuirasses, armour, and cannon, make their appearance; while JUPITER, with his tremendous eagle at his feet, and, seated by the side of JUNO, holds forth the same coat of arms. At the bottom of this we are presented with the following lines :

IGNIS.

Quanto æstu incendis sylvas urbefq; domosq;
 Quæ subverfa jacent, propriis miseranda ruinis,
 Inque vicem refoves quam grato membra calore;
 Decoquis atque cibos flammis subigifq; metalla,
 Et prodes et obes nondum constare videtur
 Utilior servus, dominufne ferocior eſtes.

F. H.

In the third, which describes the Watery Element, NEPTUNE is to be seen with his trident, furrounded by sea-horses, and attended by TRITONS. Wild scenery, projecting rocks, and marine monsters, farther expreſs and pourtray the ſubject. On the right of her watery ſpouſe is ſeen the Queen of the Deep, who holds forth the ſame device, E. E. and, at the bottom, the following inſcription :

1

AQUA.

AQUA.

Spumeus æquoris regnans Neptunus in undis,
 Componit sceptro fluctus insignis opaco.
 Plurimis pone natant siren nymphæq; marinæ,
 Et pisces tremulâ per stagna liquentia caudâ,
 Horrida cærulea nec non et monstra profunda,
 Atq; rates varia comitantur merce refertæ.

F. H.

These, I apprehend, are the pieces which, according to Mr. PECK, were designed by FRANCISCUS ALBANUS. There being yet four painted rooms undiscussed, it will be now proper to speak of each.

The painter's fancy seems to bear so much sway in their embellishment, that it is not, I am afraid, very easy to follow him. The chief design, however, in the room next the large one called Heaven, appears to be the celebration of the marriage between JUPITER and JUNO, with the nuptial feast: in the second, the marriage of CUPID and PSYCHE, with a celestial concert on the occasion: in the third, Honour appears to be introducing Virtue to JUPITER, who presents her to JUNO; meaning, perhaps, that, having married JUNO, he had, to use the vulgar phrase, made her an honest woman. It is on this cieling, that MERCURY holds out a roll with these words, in golden letters, "Sic virtus evehit ardens honor pulcherrima mercês ipse sibi."

In the room next the Jewel Closet is exhibited on the cieling, as it would seem, a consummation of
 the

the marriage between JUPITER and JUNO. Besides the latin sentence already quoted on the roll of MERCURY, there are the two following, in two different apartments, which may, perhaps, enable an ingenious reader at least, to guess the subject. “Fit totum fabula cælum; sterilem sperando nutrit amorem.” There are several others in different parts of the House, which, having lost, we are altogether obliged to omit; but, as it lies continually open to the inspection of the curious, it will be in the power of an ingenious spectator to supply the defects of the present Section.

SECT. XIX.

MR. PECK, having made frequent mistakes, by imputing particular pieces at BURGHLEY to wrong artists, as a picture of the Nativity to RUBENS, which was done by LIBERI, a Venetian, and another to TITIAN, which was performed by ZANCHI, a Venetian, the reader cannot always, in these respects, rely upon his authority. Though he errs, in the same manner, when he speaks of the famous piece of the Messiah, in the Jewel Closet, which he falsely attributes to GIOVANNI BAPTISTA, instead of the true artist CARLO DOLCI, his remarks upon it are rather superior to his usual style of criticism. “To consider, he observes, the softness of the colouring, the sweetness of the features, and the artful mixture of the tinctures in the glory, you would say it was inimitable. For, what is very remarkable in this piece, the rays are painted upon gold, and yet the brightness thereof is so artfully intermixed with the hair, that the very gold
itself

itself is almost imperceptible. Though the hair of the Messiah is generally depicted of a chesnut, yet, like the generality of the Jewish Nation, it was, most probably, of a dark and black colour. As the following lines from Mr. PECK exhibit a very high idea of this piece, we shall quote them rather for the fine panegyric, than the lofty poetry that they contain.

“ Christ’s beauteous looks the artist doth restore,
“ So lovely we could even the paint adore;
“ For lo! the Saviour of the World with eyes
“ Which up to his own heaven devoutly rise,
“ Blessing from thence the sacred mysteries,
“ Holds forth the hallowed bread, while, on his hand,
“ Reflected beams of light imprinted stand:
“ Beneath a golden plate the piece displays,
“ Which from a proper point emits those rays.”

As we have before said much of it, it is now time to leave it to its own merit, which will ever speak in terms of the highest eloquence.

The representation of a marble CUPID, caressing a dead pigeon or dove, which was before mentioned, and said to have been found in ADRIAN’S Villa, near Rome, may seem worthy of a more minute discussion. If it be emblematical of any thing, as it undoubtedly is, it must stand as an emblem, over a sepulchre, of affection deploring the loss of a friend or near relation; and most probably betokens the concern of a husband over a wife, or a parent over a child. This seems evident, from the pinions of the little marble deity
L 3 being

being confined to the pillar; his head, in a disconsolate fond manner, being represented hanging down, as if caressing the pigeon, which appears dead; and last, from the words, at the bottom of the pedestal, *terminalis suæ carissimæ*.

In the number of the pictures at BURGHLEY, we have not yet, I believe, taken notice of the piece by BASSANO, which hangs over the door, in Queen ELISABETH's chamber; and represents our Saviour praying in the garden, while his disciples are asleep. The contrast, between the silver light and the shade, forms the principal beauty of this piece; for which it has been greatly admired by all good judges. The fine picture of the Shepherd's Offerings is by APOLLONIUS BASSANENSIS, whose name is inscribed upon one of the pillars of the painting. Many pieces now called originals, and said to be the production of his pencil, are only copies by some of his pupils, to whom he frequently gave the finishing of his pictures. In a room on the south side of the house, we are presented with a fine picture, full length, of one of the GREGORIES, Popes of Rome, by ANDREA SACCHI, in his sacerdotal robes, and with his crown; though, among so many of them who reigned, it is hard to pronounce which. Here too we must not omit a sweet picture, full length, sitting down, of a very charming woman, the Marchioness TOWNSEND, who must command the attention of the most careless spectator.

The

The miniatures at BURGHLEY being too numerous, to be minutely detailed, we shall dismiss this article with a short account of the artists who drew them.

As Mr. PECK informs us, that many of them are from the hand of COOPER, it is proper to observe, that there were two artists by that name, who were brothers, though SAMUEL, the youngest, is said to have been most eminent. He was born in 1609, and instructed with his brother ALEXANDER, by their uncle HOSKINS. The variety of tints, that he introduced, the clearness of his carnations, and loose management of hair, exceed his uncle, though in the last HOSKINS had great merit too. The portrait of one SWINGFIELD was that which recommended him to the court of France, where he painted several pieces larger than his usual size, and for which his widow received a pension during her life. He lived long in France and Holland, and, dying in London, May 5, 1672, at the age of 63, was buried in Pancras church, where is a monument for him. The inscription is in GRAHAM, who adds, that he had great skill in music, and played well on the lute. His works are too many to be enumerated; and, seven or eight of his pieces are in Queen CAROLINE's closet, at Kensington.

As to ALEXANDER COOPER we know little, but that he painted the story of ACTÆON and DIANA, at BURGHLEY; and, going abroad, resided sometime at

Amsterdam, and at last entered into the service of Queen CHRISTINA. Mrs. ANNE CARLISLE, a painteress of many miniatures, was admired for her copies from Italian masters. GRAHAM says, she was in such favour with King CHARLES, that he presented her and VANDYCK with as much ultramarine at one time, as cost him above five hundred pounds. If her share was near equal, I should suppose she painted in oil. It would be a very long time before the worth of 200*l.* in ultramarine could be employed in miniatures. VERTUE mentions her teaching a lady to paint, whose picture she drew standing behind her own; herself was sitting down, with a book of drawings in her lap; and he adds, that many pieces painted by her were in the possession of the widow Lady COTTEREL. Mrs. CARLISLE died about 1680.

On the subject of miniatures it is not unentertaining to relate an anecdote of the unfortunate VANDERDORT, who was keeper of his cabinet to CHARLES the First. GIBSON, a dwarf, sometime before, having painted a very pleasing miniature of the parable of the lost sheep, which came into the king's hands, his Majesty recommended it to his care, with all that caution which a good production, by so extraordinary a person, would naturally excite. The king, however, at last, having occasion to call for it, and VANDERDORT, in his great care to preserve it, as it sometimes happens, in cases of this kind, not being able to find it, immediately hung himself in despair. What must have been this poor man's gratitude to, or dread of

of, his sovereign! And how great the value of the picture! After his death, however, his executors found, and restored it.

Of miniatures, one of the most minute was painted by ANNE SMITTER, the mother of LUCAS DE HEERE, and which, though it represented a landscape with a windmill, millers, a cart, horse, and passengers, half a grain of corn would cover the whole composition. At BURGHLEY also is the story in miniature of VENUS and ADONIS, painted by PETER OLIVER, dated 1631.

Among the diminutive pieces of art, it is said, that the Earl of EXETER possesses a sardonix, on which is cut the images of HENRY the Eighth and his Children; also a precious stone or two engraved by VALERIO BELLI, profiles in Cameo of Queen ELISABETH.

In the history of BURGHLEY it is proper to notice WILLIAM WISSING, an artist of great merit, who was born at Amsterdam, and died at BURGHLEY, in 1687, when he was buried at the expense of the then Earl of EXETER, in St. MARTIN'S Church, at Stamford. Against a pillar, in the middle aisle of the church, is a monumental table to his memory, the inscription of which may be seen in GRAHAM. PRIOR wrote a poem on the last picture he painted. A mezzotinto of WISSING is thus inscribed, "*GULIELMUS WISSINGUS inter pictores sui sæculi celeberrimos nulli secundus, artis suæ non exiguum decus et ornamentum, immodicis brevis est ætas.*"

It

It is said, that CARLO MARATTI, who painted so much for BURGHLEY, was invited into England, by the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, but excused himself, by pleading that he had not studied long enough at Rome. It was at this city, that so many of our nobility sat to him; and where he drew the Earls of SUNDERLAND, EXETER, and ROSCOMMON; Sir THOMAS ISLAM, Mr. CHARLES FOX, and Mr. EDWARD HERBERT, of Packington, a great virtuoso. At BURGHLEY we observed, that the head of CHARLES CAVENDISH, a boy, with the eyes shut, was taken by his hand; but, by it's being so highly coloured, appears rather, as if he was asleep, than dead. We cannot close this Section, without observing, that the Earl of EXETER possesses a basin and ewer, bought at the sale of the Duke of SOMERSET, with the name of C. VAN VIANEN, 1632, at the bottom of the ewer, who was one of the principal chasers and embossers of plate, in the reign of CHARLES the First, whose works are greatly commended by Ashmole.

SECT.

SECT. XX.

OF the other furniture of BURGHLEY it will be now requisite to give a more minute and circumstantial account; and of this we cannot excite an idea more superb, than by observing, that, in the eighteen elegant apartments, on the second floor, there are eight India Cabinets; which, being composed of the finest ebony, inlaid with florentine Mosaic, tortoise shell, and mother of pearl, are all of them extremely rich. Their summits are all adorned with a profusion of antient china; and their bases or pedestals with some beautiful jars, composed of India ware, highly scented with aromatics. “There is *no end*,” says Mr. PECK, “of the worked beds, velvet chairs, &c.” which flattering expression, though it seems to exceed the bounds of figures, simple arithmetic must limit to the number of five or six; which will even then surpass the beds of state in most mansions, however noble. The beautiful quadrille table, with the family arms and motto, of
which

which the same gentleman speaks, and commends for the art with which it deceives the eye, by fictitious counters and cards, is still to be seen here.

The curtains, counterpanes, and valances of one of these beds, are of a beautiful yellow satin, immensely thick, superbly adorned with hangings of black embroidery, and depending tassels. The arm chairs in this apartment appear in the same attire, and support the same character. Here also we observed a delicate square Pembroke table, composed of maple-wood, which grew in the park of the Duke of ANCASTER, adorned all round the borders with wood of tulip. So exquisitely is it polished, that it presents, both to the touch and sight, a sensation like that which is derived from the finest silk or satin. In the adjoining apartment is a small portable cabinet, a little larger than a tea-cadi, curiously inlaid with antient china, in which is described the story of JOSEPH and his brethren, with other sacred pieces. It is wrought upon a ground of wood gilt.

In the great ball room, on each side of the lofty fretted bow-window, on a pedestal of japan gilt, two feet from the ground, we behold the effigies of two negro slaves, male and female; which, kneeling on one knee, support upon their heads, about five feet high, a pair of glass chandeliers. Their attitude is very graceful, the idea of which appears to have been taken from the Roman slaves; who, from their having been accustomed to report the hour and time of day to their masters,

masters, were first represented in the same posture, in some of our pleasure grounds, with a sun-dial upon their heads. On each side down the room, on pedestals of japan gilt, are set four smaller lustres, a number surely sufficient to diffuse a proper light. The mantle-piece, which is covered with china vases and real antiques of great bulk, in this apartment, is seven feet from the ground, and raised in solid marble; nor should we omit to mention, what has been noticed by HOWGRAVE, respecting the chimney pieces in general, that, though they are so numerous, they are all of them fronted with marble of a different vein. The sofas and chairs on each side, which are richly gilt, are adorned with cushions of a light coloured grassy silk; and do not interfere so much with the paintings as furniture of a more heavy or massy kind.

The next apartment, which is about half the size, abounds with almost every thing antique. Four sconces of solid silver, which are affixed to one piece of tapestry, and two to another, are all in this style. Speaking of tapestry, Mr. PECK observes, " But what surpasses all I ever yet saw, either here or any where else, is one little piece, in one of the best rooms, over the chimney piece, representing a ball at the French court, with their late grand monarch LEWIS the Fourteenth, in the middle of it, leading up a lady to dance, and an infinite number of nobility of both sexes looking on. Each figure was designed for some eminent person in the Court of France at that time; and, though one would think it difficult to hit a likeness in
a piece

a piece of tapestry, especially so many in so small a one, yet every one, I have been told, is really like the person for whom it was made." This piece, although it still exists, was not seen by the author; whose curiosity, while at BURGHLEY, was without rest. To account for this, it is not improper to inform the reader, that the author apprehends it is now hung in the bed apartment of the present Earl and his late amiable Countess, which was not so accessible to strangers and himself as the other parts of the House.

Just under the mantle-piece, which is finely carved, in no common wood, are two sconces more of a more modern fashion. A silver CERES, about a span long, with full ears of ripe corn, in solid silver, forms the embellishment of both. In this room the feet of the grate are composed of *solid silver*; and so are the ornaments of the fender on each side. The tongs and shovel, as well as the handle and muzzle of the bellows, with the other parts, except a little of the wood work, exhibit the same metal. There is nothing we could wish for more, to make up the splendour of the hearth, but fuel from Mount Ophir, and incense from the Plains of Arabia Felix.

The curiosity of the author, when at BURGHLEY, willing to obtain the fullest knowledge of every thing, generally appealed to it by the touch; but, as this threatened, at times, to cost him dear, he was soon obliged to desist. He had just been surveying the silver shovel, with scepticism, and had retired to the window to
write

write an item, when down it came, with a sound tremendous enough to have alarmed the whole house! As persons actively engaged are generally most disconcerted at trifles, it is not improbable that he drew his features into a length somewhat similar to those of ABEL DRUGGER, when he demolished the enchanter's bottle! The wainscoat is here, as in the Billiard Room, composed of Norway oak; and, over and round the doors, finely carved. Of modern furniture, we know none, that deserves that character so much as a couple of skreens, which a Shropshire Lady presented to the Earl of her own working, in the course of the last three years; and, by the very costly manner, in which they are now framed, appear guests quite worthy of their present state.

It is part of the merit of this noble mansion to have it's furniture so arranged, as in every place, to please, and not offend, the eye; a circumstance which is, sometimes, too inconsiderately overlooked. Mr. PECK informs us, that there are in one room some curious hangings, wrought after the designs of FRANCISCUS ALBANUS, a famous Italian painter, which we imagine to be those we have already described; and in the Earl's wardrobe, the cartoons of RAPHAEL, all wrought in tapestry, and which, at present, appear in the great Hall. The cartoons are designs in what painters call distemper, or size and water. There were originally nineteen, twelve of which are in the Vatican, the other seven being sent to Flanders, by LEO the Tenth, to be copied over in tapestry. The seven cartoons

were

were purchased by CHARLES the First, agreeable to the advice of RUBENS. These are now in the King's Palace, where they were valued at 400,000*l*.

As RAPHAEL is pronounced the first of modern artists, and we have yet said but little of him, it may be well to conclude this section, in the words of his history, as it appears in the *Encyclopædia*. "RAPHAEL D'URBINO, the greatest, most sublime, and most excellent painter that has appeared, since the revival of the fine arts, was the son of an indifferent artist, named SANZI, and was born at Urbino, on Good Friday, 1482. The Popes, JULIUS the Second, and LEO the Tenth, who employed him, loaded him with wealth and honour; and it is said that Cardinal DE St. BIBIANA had such a value for him, that he offered him his niece in marriage. His genius is admired in all his pictures; his contours are free, his ordonnances magnificent, his designs correct, his figures elegant, his expressions lively, his attitudes natural, his heads graceful; in fine, every thing from his hand, is beautiful, grand, sublime, just, and adorned with graces. These various perfections he derived not only from his excellent abilities, but from his study of antiquity and anatomy; and from the friendship he contracted with ARIOSTO, who contributed not a little to the improvement of his taste."

His pictures are principally found in Italy and Paris. That of the Transfiguration, preserved at Rome, in the Church of St. PETER MONTERIO, passed

passed for his master-piece. He had a handsome person, was well proportioned, and had great sweetness of temper; was polite, affable and modest. He, however, lived in the utmost splendour; most of the eminent masters of his time were ambitious of working under him; and he never went out without a crowd of artists and others, who followed him purely through respect. He was not only the best painter in the world, but, perhaps, the best architect too; on which account LEO the Tenth charged him with building St. PETER's Church at Rome: but he was too much addicted to pleasure, which occasioned his untimely death. He left a great number of disciples, among whom were JULIO ROMANO, and JOHN FRANCIS PENNI, who were his heirs. Many able engravers, as RAIMONDI, GEORGE MANTUAN, and BLOEMART, engraved after RAPHAEL."

SECT. XXI.

HAVING now delivered a minute and circumstantial account of the pictures, statues, and other furniture, in the different apartments, we shall, before we leave this noble Mansion, return, once more, to the Library. In this, besides a curious Manuscript Life of the Great Treasurer, by a contemporary author, and his diary, written in his own hand, there is a variety of scarce and valuable books. In the number of these, is an antique translation of the New Testament, by one RICHARD, a Hermit, who probably lived in the reign of HENRY the Second. The first chapter of MATTHEW begins in the following quaint manner. "The Boc of the generacoun of JHU CRIST, sone of DAVID, sone of ABRAHAM, ABRAHAM gendride ISAAC, ISAAC forsoye gendride JACOB, JACOB forsoye gendride JUDAS and hys breytren:" which, in modern English, runs thus: "The Book of the generation of JESUS CHRIST, the son of DAVID, the son of

of

of ABRAHAM. ABRAHAM begat ISAAC; and ISAAC begat JACOB; and JACOB begat JUDAS and his brethren."

In the old library, there is a large volume, in folio, of the works of ARCHIMEDES, the famous Geometrician and astronomer of Syracuse in Sicily. It is written in Greek and Latin; and the different propositions are expressed by mathematical lines in the manner of EUCLID. According to CICERO, he was the first inventor of globes, to prove the motion of the heavens; and, according to VITRUVIUS, showed how much silver the king's crown was embased with, without breaking it. In the new, there is a most brilliant edition of the works of the famous GASPAR LAVATER; which are bound up in an elegant quarto, of red Morocco, richly gilt, and superbly adorned with cuts, to illustrate his doctrine. Mr. PECK observes, that there is here a fine parcel of Roman altars, which the Earl's grandfather of his time brought with him from Italy. Among the books, says he, there is a very valuable collection of our best English historians: but the most choice of them all is an infinite number of Latin, French, and Italian authors, which relate to the history and antiquities of antient Rome. He never saw, he observes, so complete a collection of this kind. In speaking of medals, which come under this division of the subject, he breaks out into the following strain of poetical admiration!

Here ranged, in a costly series, view
How gay the Cæsars in their Medals shew!

Though one would conclude, from these lines, that the Cæsars were no more than a groupe of modern beaux or travelling petit-maitres, yet he continues, “of these my Lord hath a prodigious fine cabinet, digested into the proper order of time. Most of them were collected by my Lord’s grandfather, when he travelled abroad, but some few, I presume, were the old Lord Treasurer BURLEIGH’S.” In his MS. Diary, his Lordship informs us, Memorandum, quod habeo decem vetustates Monetas Imperatorum Romanorum, in argento puro; novem in Ære. Two of these, AUGUSTUS, a god in brass, and NERO, a devil in gold, as the donor himself calls them, were presented to his Lordship by the famous ROGER ASCHAM. But Don DIEGO de MENDOZA, afterwards the Spanish ambassador in England, and a great critic in these things, assured ASCHAM, that the brass one alone was a present fit for an emperor.

Mr. PECK, for the satisfaction of his readers, has been pleased to subjoin a copy of that elegant Latin epistle, which ASCHAM transmitted to the Lord BURLEIGH, upon the present occasion. It runs in the following words:

“Ornatissimo viro D. G. Cecilio. Magna cum voluptate, Vir ornatissime cognovi ex literis tuis ad D. Mer Quanta animi propensione eniteris, ut me tibi beneficio tuo in per-petuum devineas. Spes quam proponis est mihi admodum certa; et res quam exspecto erit valde grata. Sed omnino, tua voluntas est longe jucundissima,

quæ

quæ ita expedita est ad bene de me merendum, ut omnem in me præcurrat vel Gratias agendi facultatem. Itaque cum gratiæ, quas tibi referrem, sunt penitus nullæ; et quas tibi haberem sunt etiam perexiguæ: ego (superatus re, et destitutus oratione) referram me at eam, quæ sola mihi relicta est, et compensandi Rationem. Subsequar te voluntate, studio, et perpetua mea observantia. Cujus propositi mei duos luculentos obsides. Mitto ad te duos insignes Cæsares, qui ut se tibi præsentem sistent, ego (veritus nec hunc æreum Deum, nec illum aureum Diabolum) utrumque in literas inclusi tuas, 2 Aureus nummus minus erit tibi gratus, nam quid pessimo principi, cum optimo viro? sed quia materies est purissima et opus præstantissimum, fortasse juvabit te intueri illam Tyranidem et immanitatem, quæ etiam nunc apparet in ipso vultu et in ipsis faucibus, quomodo in Suetonio etiam scite describitur. Æreus nummus est valde insignis, et ita insignis, ut ex hac mea facultula nihil habeam.

SECT.

SECT. XXII.

LITERARY ANECDOTES

OF EMINENT PERSONS,

FROM THE LIBRARY AT BURGHLEY HOUSE.

THOUGH the late Earl of EXETER possessed two large libraries, antient and modern, of most elegant books, he never passed over any curious anecdote, in the daily London papers, without cutting it out, and very neatly pasting it on the inside of the cover, over against the title page of the author to whom it belonged.

Thus, in the first volume of POPE's Works, in quarto, which are handsomely bound with red leather, richly gilt, we remarked, among many others, the two following of that elegant writer, which, as a sample, we shall beg to present to the reader.

ANEC-

ANECDOTE OF POPE.

To the Printer of the St. James's Chronicle.

MR. BALDWIN,

Queen CAROLINE died of what the physicians call a navel rupture; and, for a long time before that event, had refused to see her eldest son. — With allusion to both these circumstances, Mr. POPE produced the following couplet, by way of epitaph on her Majesty.

“ Here lies, wrapt up in twenty thousand towels,

“ The only proof that CAROLINE had bowels.”

The summons, however, that PAUL WHITEHEAD received to appear before the Lords, on account of his Poem called MANNERS, so sufficiently intimidated POPE, that he never ventured to publish a certain satire, in which his late Majesty's Consort was treated with still greater harshness. — Take the last line descriptive of her.

“ And unforgiving, unforgiv'n dies.”

Of the dangers, which the little Bard of Twickenham might have incurred, by being proved the author of such a bitter invective on Royalty, he was thoroughly aware; inasmuch, that symbols, instead of names, are employed throughout the manuscript I speak of. The King is typified by a Sun, the Queen by a Half

Moon. Some parts of this performance, which is still preserved entire, may, one day, see the light; and, very probably, in the St. James's Chronicle.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant, &c.

ANECDOTE THE SECOND.

(OF THE SAME AUTHOR.)

Mr. POPE frequently contributed to the Grub-street Journal, a literary newspaper of his time. — Among other pieces is the following notice of his mother's death, in the paper of June 14, 1733. " Last week died at Twickenham, in Middlesex, in the 93d year of her age, Mrs. EDITHA POPE, mother of ALEXANDER POPE, Esq. — She was the last surviving of the children of WILLIAM TURNOR, Esq. of York; who, by THOMASINE NEWTON, his wife, had fourteen daughters and three sons; two of which died in the King's service in the Civil Wars, and the eldest retired to Spain, where he died a general officer. — She lived with her son, her only child, from the time of his birth to her death; and was carried to the grave by six poor men, to whom were given suits of a dark grey cloth; and followed by six poor women, in the same sort of mourning. She was interred near the monument of her husband, on which is

D. O. M.

D. O. M.

Alexandro Pope, viro innocuo probo

pio, qui vixit annos 75, Obiit 1717.

Et Edithæ conjugii inculpabili plentissimæ,

Qui vixit annos 93, Obiit 1733.

Parentibus bene merentibus

Filius fecit.

The author surmising, from these specimens, it was the Earl's general custom to insert similar anecdotes in the introductory volumes of the other Poets, took down the first volume of SWIFT, which was near, from the shelf; and, to his great satisfaction, found his curiosity rewarded by the following

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

It has not been remarked by any of his historians, but the Dean entertained a most virulent hatred to the memory of WILLIAM the Third; which he often expressed in very bitter terms, when in the company of his intimates. He was accustomed to style that monarch "a bloody and remorseless tyrant," and would commonly add, that, so far from his country receiving any benefit from him, he and his favourites only were the gainers. SWIFT dined one day with several friends of both parties, in Crow-street, when the conversation turned upon a paraphrase, which CONCANNON had lately made of PRIOR's celebrated Epitaph. It was as follows:

" Hold,

" Hold, *Matibew Prior*, by your leave,
 " Your Epitaph is somewhat odd;
 " *Bourbon* and you were sons of *Eve*,
 " *Naffau* the offspring of a God."

The Dean, shaking his head, said, " Let us see, whether a man, who is neither a fool nor a parasite, cannot write four lines, that will sound as well as those; and, taking Dr. SHERIDAN's pencil, wrote the following:

" Hold, friend *Concannon*, by your leave,
 " Your parapraxe is hardly civil;
 " *Bourbon* and *Mat* were sons of *Eve*,
 " *Naffau* the offspring of a DEVIL."

ANECDOTE THE SECOND.

(OF THE SAME AUTHOR.)

The Dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense, at which time his guardians or physicians took him out for the air. When they came to the Park, SWIFT remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for; to which Dr. KINGSBURY answered, " That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city." " Oh, Oh," says the Dean, pulling out his pocket

pocket book, "let me take an item, this is worth remarking in my tablets, as HAMLET says, my tablets. —Memory, put down that!" which produced the following lines, being the last he ever wrote:

"Behold a proof of Irish sense!

"Here Irish wit is seen;

"When nothing's left that's worth defence,

"We build a Magazine!"

And then, putting up his pocket book, laughing heartily at the conceit, and clinching it with, "After the steed's stolen, shut the stable door;" after which he never said a sensible word; so that these lines may be said to have been the last speech and dying words of his wit!

The works of most of the great writers, at BURGHLEY, are enriched in this manner; and it would require considerable time to transcribe all the miscellaneous matter of this kind, which is to be found in them. As these anecdotes are not related by the authors of the lives of these writers, they become doubly acceptable; and are, for that reason, more highly deserving of notice.

Thus, in every point of view, from one end of the house to the other, the mind, as well as the eye, is entertained;

entertained; and, as the minority of the heir apparent fortunately preserved it, in the time of CROMWELL's civil wars, from confiscation and ruin, so has the emulation of its successive noble owners, ever since, added one curiosity to another, until it is now scarcely less complete in anecdote, than it is in beauties of every other kind.

SECT.

SECT. XXIII.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM LORD BURLEIGH,

Lord High Treasurer of England, in the Reign of Queen Elisabeth.

WILLIAM CECIL, Lord BURLEIGH, Knight of the Order of the Garter, Lord High Treasurer of England, and Master of her Majesty's Queen ELISABETH's Wards and Liveries, according to the old Manuscript Life, at BURGHLEY, published some time ago, by ARTHUR COLLINS, was born at Boorn, in the County of Lincoln, the 13th day of September, 1521. His father, RICHARD CECIL, of Burghley, in the County of Northampton, Esquire, was a Principal Officer of the Robes, in the time of King HENRY the Eighth; a place which, though now little esteemed, was then held in great estimation.

His

His Lordship, says the old manuscript, being in his infancy so pregnant in wit, and desirous to learn, was virtuously educated at Grantham and Stamford schools, in the county of Lincoln; and, at the age of fourteen years, in May 27th HENRY VIII. went to Cambridge, where he was a student in St. JOHN'S College. Being uncommonly diligent at his studies, he hired the bell-ringer to call him up at four of the clock every morning; and it is supposed, that by his continual watchings and sedentary life, he first contracted a humour in his legs, which was afterwards found to terminate in the gout. One MEDCALF, master of the College, seeing his assiduity, would often present him money, as an encouragement; and such was his success, that he was permitted to read the sophistry lecture at sixteen, and the Greek when he was scarce nineteen years of age. After he had taken the degree of Master of Arts, and continued at the University about six years, he removed to Gray's Inn, where he reaped farther advantage, by studying the law.

About the latter part of King HENRY the Eighth's reign, Mr. CECIL, coming from Gray's Inn to Court, to see his father, by accident met, in the presence chamber, with two priests, who were chaplains to O'NEALE; with whom it is said, he maintained so learned a dispute, in Latin, as totally to disconcert them both. This incident, introducing him to his Majesty, was the means of his becoming a suitor for a Reversion of the Custos Brevium Office, in the Court of Common Pleas. In the first year of King EDWARD
the

the Sixth, the Duke of SOMERSET, then Lord Protector, hearing of his great powers, constituted him a Master of his requests; and he, soon after, went with the Duke to Musselborough field, where he ran a great risque of losing his life.

In the second year of the same reign, being involved in some accusations brought against the Duke, he was committed to the Tower, where he remained about three months: but young EDWARD's great partiality for Mr. CECIL, being, at last, perceived by the Duke of SOMERSET, he preferred him, in the third year of his reign, to be Secretary of State, a Counsellor to the King, and to the honour of Knighthood, when Mr. CECIL was then but twenty-five years of age.

When Queen MARY came to the Crown, she granted Sir WILLIAM CECIL, who had, in the former reign, been attached to the Protestant cause, a general pardon; and offered, if he would change his religion, to adopt him as her Secretary and Counsellor: but her sister, Queen ELISABETH, beginning to reign soon after, he was, for his truth and steady attachment to his Sovereign, actually advanced to both stations. She often permitted him to sit down in her presence, and honoured him with several visits to console him in his sickness. The deep sense she had of his abilities and service, is well expressed, in the preamble to her patent, creating him Lord BURLEIGH; "Being moved thereto, she says, by certain experience

rience of his *circumspection, courage, prudence, dexterity, probity* of life, *foresight, care, and fidelity, &c. &c.*" In the second year of the Queen, he was sent into Scotland, to treat of peace; which he happily effected, upon honourable terms, to the great and universal benefit of the Kingdom!

The limits, by which we are confined, will not permit us to expatiate upon all the advantages derived from the wisdom, and fostering attention of this great man. There was not a day, in term time, but he received fourscore or a hundred petitions, which he commonly perused that night, and answered himself, the next morning, as he went into the hall. His memory is said to have been so tenacious, that he was able, as soon as he heard the name of the petitioner, to call to mind all the circumstances of his suit. He was accustomed to answer the poorest person by word of mouth; but, when he became infirm, they were ordered to send in their petitions, sealed up, that the requests of the indigent might reach him with those of the rich. His reputation was so great in foreign countries, as well as his own, that a great man of France, who was in England, wrote to the French king, saying, he was the wisest Counsellor of Christiandome; and, that, in the Court, he was accounted *Pater Patriæ*; and, among the common people, quasi *Rex*. When his Lordship's grandchild, Mr. WILLIAM CECIL, travelled into Italy, and was introduced to Cardinal FARNESSE, a man of great authority, he was treated with the highest respect, cordiality, and affection, upon the simple discovery,

discovery, that he was a descendant of the great Treasurer's. Similar to this was the conduct of the Duke of FLORENCE to Mr. EDWARD CECIL, a younger brother.

The Lord BURLEIGH is said to have been little moved at the vicissitudes of fortune, never dejected in bad, and never elate in good; a feature of conduct still somewhat characteristic of one of his family at the present day. The author of his life, or rather his panegyric, observes, he was so strict, in his administration of justice, as to refuse any present which was offered him; which he demonstrates by the instance of a buck and some pieces of plate. He principally kept two houses, one at London, the other at Theobalds; though he was at some expense both at BURGHLEY and the court. His alms amounted to about 500*l.* a year, which, at the present day, is about three times that sum. So far from the Queen assisting him to build BURGHLEY HOUSE, that he is said to have expended at Theobalds, not less than two or three thousand pounds, at twelve different times, in order to entertain her; when she would continue with him for a whole month, or six weeks together. Her Majesty even went so far, as, sometimes, to give audience to her Embassadors at Theobalds; where she has been seen in as great royalty, and as magnificently served, as at any other time or place. He was, says our author, in his old English style, "greatly delighted in making gardens, fountains and walks, which, at Theobalds, were perfected, most costly, beautyfully and

N

pleasauntly

pleasauntly, where one might walk, two myle in the walks before he came to the endes." Never did he raise his rents, nor displace his tenants ; and I know some of them, says this contemporary author, who paid him but 20l. per annum, for land and tenements which were worth 200l.

As he thought it the principal prop and security of a state, he was remarkably careful in preferring devout persons only in the ministry ; and, how much he was impressed with a sense of religion will appear, from his constant attendance to all its duties, and the extraordinary solemn preface to his last will and testament. All the time he was secretary, he never failed to be at Chapel, in the Queen's house, every morning, as long as he could ; and, when unable to go abroad, he knelt down to his devotion, on a cushion, which was laid by his bed-side for that purpose.

To his children no man was more loving and tender ; and, yet with so much moderation, that he seemed more inwardly kind, than outwardly fond. If he could get his table, says the author, set round with his young little children, he was then in his kingdom. It was exceeding pleasure, says he, to hear what sport he would make with them : and how aptlie and merrilie he would talk with them : with such prettie questions, and wittie allurements, as much delighted himself, the children and the hearers. There were many proceeding from him ; and his mother could trace the fifth descent from herself, a happy mother, as she was, and he a blessed son ; for, as the
scripture

scripture says, he had seen his children's children, and peace upon the land.

Very conspicuous was his great temperance, and dislike of ostentation ; for, if he could ride, privately, in his garden, upon his mule, or lie a day or two at his lodge, at Theobalds, retired from business, he thought himself supremely happy. Though the cares of the whole kingdom lay upon him, it was never perceived at his table, where he would be as chearful as any of his guests. His recreation was chiefly in his books, and the conversation of learned men ; for which, if he could spare time, he preferred to cards or any other amusement. His pleasure, as the writer of his life observes, was labour and study to others ; and their labour to him but a mere recreation.

He never appears to have taken any into his confidence and favour, as most great men do. His secrets he so inviolably kept such, that none ever knew them, or had him in their power. He took such delight in tracing pedigrees, in which he was so expert, that he wrote whole books of them with his own hand. He observed all the occurrences of the day, which he continued to note down in writing, from the time he was nineteen to that of his death. Providence at length, seems to have taken him away, at his own request, after an honourable and important service to his country of near forty years. His gout on his stomach, and his continual anxiety to procure a peace, are supposed to have hastened him to this

fatal period. His retort to the Earl of ESSEX, when this business was in debate, and who, a few years afterwards lost his head, is amazingly remarkable. The Lord Treasurer, perceiving the Earl intent upon the prosecution of the war, in spite of all his arguments, produced a prayer book at last, and, without a word more, prophetically addressed him in the following phrase, "Men of blood shall not live out half their days."

Among the Lord BURLEIGH's maxims, we may quote these few. That he built more upon an honest man's word than a bad man's bond; that no wise prince can be a tyrant; that a realm gaineth more by one year's peace, than by ten years war: and that he never cared to see the Treasury swell, like a disordered spleen, when the other parts of the commonwealth were in a consumption. He left the world with such a reputation, that his very enemies declared they envied him nothing so much as the lustre of his setting sun.

He was, says CAMDEN, a most extraordinary person; who, besides his presence and aspect, which possessed a commanding sweetness, had few or no superiors whatever. His Lordship was twice married, first to MARY CHEEK, a sister of Sir JOHN CHEEK, Knight, by whom he had one son, named THOMAS, who was created Earl of EXETER, by King JAMES the First: and afterwards, to MELDRID COOKE, one
of

of the daughters of Sir ANTHONY COOKE, Knight, by whom he had six children, three of which died young. His last lady was so well versed in the Greek, as to be able to translate a piece of St. CHRYSOSTOM, from out of that language, into English.

SECT. XXIV.

CURIOSITIES OF BURGHLEY.

THERE is reason to believe, that the noble marble statue of ANDROMEDA and the Sea Monster is one of those which has been longest at BURGHLEY; as Mr. PECK, who wrote so long ago, scarcely makes mention of any other. It was hewn out of one block of white marble, by PETER MONOT, of Befancon; and the apartments of BURGHLEY House are adorned with many other pieces of sculpture by the same hand. It stands at the upper end of a venerable old Gothic hall, 70 feet by 30, which was formerly a part of a monastery more antique than the house; and infuses all those ideas of the sublime, which the chisel of that sculptor is known to excite. We are informed, that the artist was enabled to portion his daughter in marriage with the sum which
he

he obtained for this statue; which, if it bore rate with its real merit, was certainly very great. As ANDROMEDA is drawn sitting down, and chained to the rock, she is scarcely more than five feet from the pedestal; but, allowing for the natural proportions of her person, and her height, when standing up, she is surely nearly seven. It would have been well, if Mr. PECK had been content with his prose description of ANDROMEDA; but, by endeavouring to do her new honour in verse, he has only exposed himself.

“ Andromeda in all her charms expos’d,
“ The Monster with his horrid fangs disclos’d,
“ Rises and gapes beneath the virgin’s feet,
“ As if he would the very marble eat.”

These lines were intended for sublime, but the wings of the poet being too weak, he has come short of his quarry, and soufed headlong to the ground. They have, however, difficult as it is to reduce them to the rules of common sense, been quoted by another writer since his time.

Charms, in the first place, are not, like crimes and deformities, the subject of shame; and what is not the subject of shame cannot, with accuracy, be said to be exposed, unless the author alluded to those charms, which the decency of mankind must conceal; and, on which he, as an antiquarian, in particular, had no business to look. As what is exposed, must be disclosed, and what is disclosed is often exposed, the first couplet discovers a very unmeaning tautology,

and reminds us of what POPE observes of such another Bavius or Mævius as himself.

“ Means not, but blunders round about a meaning.”

“ When the heart of their mystery, however, is plucked out,” it would seem that the Monster, so far from endeavouring to devour her, brings her forth at his mouth; and, with his fangs, like a skilful midwife, is striving to conclude the operation. If this author had not been a *Master of Arts*, so called, we should not, with so much attention, have scrutinized, his powers: but certain we are, that nature and common sense are superior to all the airy honours of a University. We have before remarked, that VIRGIL is supposed, by his Commentators, to have borrowed his idea of LAACON and his sons, encompassed by the snakes, from a famous statue, which was extant in his time; and, as sculpture and poetry mutually furnish ideas to one another, why may not SHAKESPEARE, in a similar manner, have seen some such marble image of ANDROMEDA and the Sea Monster, when he puts these words into the mouth of King LEAR? “ Ingratitude, thou marble hearted fiend, more hideous than the Sea Monster!” for, surely, the connection of his ideas would lead to so natural and obvious a conclusion.

In St. MARTIN'S Church, at Stamford, we observed some other pieces of sculpture, by the same exquisite hand; and, particularly the monument of

JOHN

JOHN Earl of EXETER and his Countess, which is scarcely exceeded by any thing in Westminster Abbey. On either side of ANDROMEDA, in the old hall, stand two well proportioned figures of VENUS, in plaister of Paris. They are about the size of the ancient VENUS; and, as they incline moderately forward, do not exceed five feet; though when upright, they may be many inches more.

Of the cartoons, in this part of the house, the story of each is taken from scripture; and that, at the lower end, which is opposite to the statues just described, is descriptive of a passage in the Acts of the Apostles, where PAUL forbids the people of Lystra to sacrifice to him and BARNABAS. If the curious spectator possess courage enough to ascend a large ladder, thirty-five or forty feet from the ground, regardless of its motion, he may discover the following words in Latin, at the bottom of the border: *Paulus Lystræ Claudum sanat et sibi sacrificaturos prohibet.* A large ox is represented in this piece, ready crowned with his garlands, and about to fall by the hand of the priest, before the altar; with which the other figures in the groupe seem to bear a becoming analogy. On another, CHRIST is described, as he delivers the keys to St. PETER; and, on a third, as he is healing the blind, and the like. They are in an uncommon fine state of preservation; extend four or five yards each way; and, by their bulk, seem to bear a becoming proportion to the domicilium or receptacle they possess. In a niche, at the lower end of the hall, is
a small

model of NIOBE and her children, by NOLIKENS, from antique statues, in the gallery at Florence; and, if we recollect right, we believe in plaister of Paris, or some such other composition. The floor of this extensive place is new laid with Ketton stone; and, in a hard winter, may furnish an asylum for the Robins, Wrens, and other small birds, whom the rigors of the season naturally compel to a place of shelter. That many of them had lately fluttered along it's gothic roof and windows is probable, from those proofs of their flight, which birds are known to leave behind; and which are still visible on the polished limbs of ANDROMEDA, the Sea Monster, and the two Venusses on each side. In a void, under one of the windows, there has been placed a little assembly of canary birds; which, in the summer, is well adapted to incubation; but, on the approach of winter, we apprehend rather too chill for their nature and constitution. One, who is disposed to serious impressions, and yet, unaccustomed, in daily life, to walk such apartments as these, may experience, we conceive, from the echoes which pursue him, and, in a manner proclaim their own loftiness and solemnity, a gloomy langour, which is at no great distance from dejection of mind. Such masses of stone, such vast efforts of art, and such superfluities of magnificence, cannot but oppress the mind of an ordinary person; and, after he has gratified his curiosity, and enlarged his knowledge, it will be well, if he retire, like the moral author of the Spectator, from a solitary walk in Westminster Abbey, the votary of useful and prudent reflection.

SECT. XXV.

THOUGH the Pleasure Ground of BURGHLEY, particularly that part, which forms the Shrubbery, was not planned until about thirty five years ago, it is allowed, for its extent, to be one of the most beautiful in the Kingdom. It was the genius of the late LAUNCELOT BROWN, which, brooding over the shapeless mafs, educes out of a seeming wilderness, all the order and delicious harmony which now prevail. Like the great Captain of the Israelites, he led forth his troop of sturdy plants into a seemingly barren land; where he displayed strange magic, and surprized them with miracle after miracle!

Though the beauties, with which we are here struck, are more peculiarly the rural beauties of Mr. BROWN, than those of Dame Nature, she seems to wear them with so simple and unaffected a grace, that
it

it is not even the man of taste who can, at a superficial glance, discern the difference. Though much has been done, and large sums exhausted, in bringing it to perfection, the gardener is still in quest of fresh beauty; so that, in a little time, we may expect to hear,

“ New falls of Water murm’ring in the ear.”

Though it is not, like the capacious domains of Stow, possessed of a column, 150 feet high, and, that, as it were, in imitation of the ancient Babel, with great judgment, has Mr. BROWN conformed to those ornaments, which are best proportioned to its extent and size. If we are not struck, at every distant view, as at Stow, with a prospect of Heathen Temples, he has erected one in the style of the modern Gothic, after the model of that at Cambden, in Gloucestershire, the effect of which is as general as it is beautiful.

As his art has been more strikingly exerted in the cultivation, as well as in the arrangement, of the most elegant trees and shrubs, than in more artificial beauties of brick and stone, that art does not so immediately appear; while he never departs from those lines, which are called the lines of nature, and are, in the opinion of a great artist, the source of beauty. There is nothing to be found at BURGHLEY of what Mr. POPE objects to the grounds of Lord TIMON, that

“ each alley has its Brother,
“ And half the platform just reflects the other;”

but

but that rather subsists, which MILTON has beautifully sung of his Paradise.

“ Overhead up grew

“ Insuperable height of loftiest shade,

“ Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,

“ A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,

“ Shade above shade, a Woody Theatre

“ Of stateliest view !”

From a simple spring,

“ With mazy error, under pendant shades,”

a copious river, near a mile long, is now derived; which, winding through the shrubbery and park, proves a mutual ornament to both ! The bank on either side is seen to fall into a graceful slope; and to rise, with much wanton boldness, towards the park, in all the gloom and theatrical pomp of wood ! A principal walk in the shrubbery is lower, by many feet, than the surface of this noble stream; and twice or thrice, when the workmen thought it well secured, did it elude their pains, surmount its dam, and, carrying all before it, subject them to new toil !

In this walk, is to be seen a venerable ancient oak, in its last century of existence, which is itself a picture, and the sacred patriarch of the shade ! To a fanciful mind, it may well pass for that which is called HERN'S Oak, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, under which the fairies are said to have pinched and
tortured

tortured Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. I discerned nothing, however, under it, when I first saw it, which was on a fine morning in July, but a pair of squirrels; who had been brushing away the early dew with their tails, and which, at the sound of my unhappy steps, broke up their spell, and ascended the tree once more. It may make excellent fire wood one day, and, at some future christmas, warm the cold nose, and still the chattering jaws, of many a poor tenant, that is yet to come.

When it is considered in how surprising a manner Mr. BROWN removed trees of the most enormous bulk, from place to place, to suit the prospect and landscape, the prediction in *MACBETH*, that "Barnam wood should, one day, come to Dunfinane," appears to have really happened. I myself remarked, with some astonishment, the extraordinary bulk of one of these, which from having been a naiad of the middle stream, was placed in a situation, where, with its pendent boughs, it could protect its votaries. The green alcoves, which are reared in the different parts of the shrubbery, appear in character with the surrounding scenes; and, by the neat little mahogany cases, which they contain, furnished with the English poets, and other works of taste, are highly calculated to amuse. Their exact measure has been taken by the author; but, as a circumstantial minuteness might appear tedious, he thinks it more pleasing to recur at once to more important matter.

The walk, which runs south of the house, is, in our opinion, the most pleasing of the park; not only as it is most natural in itself, but as it catches a fine view of the water, the noble mansion, with its turrets, on the other side, the Gothic temple, the shrubbery, and the adjoining country beyond; which appears, by imperceptible degrees of distance, to melt away! The seats, which were formerly erected here, having been defaced and much abused, by some of the lower class of the Stamford gentry, who frequently resort to it, the late Earl thought proper to remove them altogether; conceiving it more conformable to true taste to suffer his park to be now without. However capable a stranger may be of toiling from one end to the other, without the relief of sitting down, he might surely find somewhat of that assistance in a seat, which he expects from a post with a pointing finger; as it is generally placed in some conspicuous part of the ground, to descry a particular beauty of the distant prospect, which he would otherwise, most probably, overlook. But we are doomed to rue the misfortunes of our own imprudence.

Across the river a very superb bridge of three arches is now built, at the four ends of which are four lions couchant, in stone of the same materials; and, by their near resemblance to nature, possess an air of great magnificence. Should the inconsiderate traveller carry his depredations even to these, the punishment which would await the sacrilege, could not, I think, be long delayed. As the
bridge

bride commands a very general prospect of the towering mansion, the herds of deer, droves of cattle, and flocks of Spanish sheep, the sensations they excite, on a fine day, are not a little pleasant. The green protuberance of the upland lawn, in particular, on which I beheld the last, all basking in the sun at ease, and brushing away the still returning insects, enriched the landscape with features of no common and of no vulgar kind. As there is not an animal that ranges here, but is preserved with a view to its form and beauty, the ill-favoured ones alone are doomed to bleed.

The Keeper's Lodge, where I beheld five bucks just slain, is an elegant, neat little mansion; but those tufts of venerable wood, those lofty trees, which seem to have outlived the eagle, and, like him, to extend their fantastic branches to the sun, impress us, at every step, with sentiments of the deepest awe! Such are, in part, the beauties of the lovely park, under the shade of which, a musing mind might love to dream.

In the shrubbery, where we must now return, are a variety of the most beautiful exotics, which have become so familiar with the soil, as to sport in a sort of native luxuriance. The Gothic temple appears in the midst of these, and is about twenty two feet by eighteen; and, besides a striking likeness of Mr. BROWN, contains the head of WILLIAM Duke of CUMBERLAND, placed upon a marble slab. What are the religious rites of this temple I have
never

never been able to learn; though, if I may judge by the fishing rod, which I found on it's marble pavement, the sacrifices must be performed in the old apostolic way, by fish from the neighbouring stream.

A little on one side of the temple, is a little circular recess, of about 280 feet; which seems to have been formed with the express intention of excluding all the cares of life. We pass to it through a labyrinth of laurel, and find there a silence little less profound than that of the grave itself.

“ It is a place

“ Chosen by the sov’ran Planter, when he fram’d

“ All things to man’s delightful use; the roof

“ Of thickest covert was enwoven shade

“ Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew

“ Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side

“ Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub

“ Fenc’d up the verdant wall; each beauteous flow’r,

“ Iris all hues, roses and jessamine,

“ Rear’d high their flourish’d heads between, and wrought

“ Mosaic.”

MILTON.

A spreading lime with extending foliage, fills up the middle space; and a green alcove, on one side enables the pensive student to bring his great conceptions to a happy and an easy birth. Here might some NEWTON think, or MILTON write; some statesman weigh his schemes of policy, or plan a form of government; while sorrow preys upon objects of departed worth, and love, unhappy love, returns to all the dalliance of its former weakness.

The melancholy stealing over me, induced me to return with speed ; and, on the opposite side the temple, to explore a laurell'd recess of a circumference somewhat less, where stands an elegant monument, four feet high, erected to the memory of HANNAH SOPHIA CHAMBERS, Countess of EXETER, with this inscription.

Oh thou most lov'd, most valued, most rever'd,
Accept this tribute, to thy merit due ;
Nor blame me, if by each fond tie endear'd,
I bring again your virtues into view.

These lonely scenes your mem'ry shall restore,
Here oft for thee the silent tear be shed ;
Belov'd thro' life, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till filial piety be dead.

SECT.

SECT. XXVII.

ON the south east side of the house, at a commodious distance from the old Gothic hall, we behold a large oval bason of gold and silver fish, 140 feet in circumference: and, on one side of this, the Green-house, which is 100 by 18. The water in the bason is always, as fast as it enters, running out; so, that, on a clear sunny summer's day, its burnished inhabitants may be seen at a depth considerably below the surface, notwithstanding the quantity of water lily, which mantles over it. In the summer months, when the weather will permit, the shrubs are elegantly disposed, in the shape of crescents and half moons, on the four different sides of this piece of water; and, from the earthen pots, and tubs of mould, in which they are set, extend from a few inches, to eight or nine feet in height.

Here the botanist may revisit his old acquaintances of either Indies; and, in a space of no great extent,

survey the essence and quintessence of the choicest plants of both the tropics. Most of those, which have been discovered at Botany Bay, appear here; and, whatever their virtue, do certainly exhibit a very singularly pleasing picture to the eye! Some of these I soon after surveyed at the seat of a neighbouring nobleman; but they were not disposed in quite so regular and methodical an order as they are here. In a few years they will, doubtless, become more common; and, as their novelty wears off, be purchased at an easy rate. Of all the curiosities, however, of the vegetable world, which I remarked, none pleased me so much as the Camphire tree, which was about eight feet high. At a small distance its leaves appear like those of a lemon; but, when minutely examined, are found to be a vast deal more thin and delicate. When they grow mature, they by degrees, turn red; and, becoming withered, fall off. If one of these is crushed, and then rubbed between the hands, it will yield the essence of the common camphire, when properly prepared. Had the summer of ninety five been rather more congenial to them, the number of lemon and orange trees, at BURGHLEY, might have produced much fruit; but, at this period, just pleased the eye; and, with a feeble and ineffectual perfume, faintly tinged the air.

Of the many plants which are rare and curious, we must be content to mention a very few, as a general description far exceeds our province. Among these, are the Virginian tulip-tree, which we saw in
full

full flower, and shoots up into the air a great height; the Bohea tea tree, which, when we surveyed it, was but imperfectly grown; the Arbor Vitæ, or tree of life; Pome-granate tree; large American Rhododendron; the American Aloe; Coffee plant; Banana, or Plaintain tree; the night flowering Ceres, with some hundreds, which, though they deserve, are too tedious, to be told. Here HERVEY, perhaps, might have given a greater scope to his Meditations on a Flower Garden, than he did in that in which he mused; and poetry itself have culled some of its best and choicest flowers.

Around this rich collection of plants, which are merely portable, at a proper distance, as if to protect the shrubs below them, from the too rude and profane approach of storm and wind, we behold, in the shape of a circle, several very large trees of fir and larch. The swelling circle, at BURGHLEY, is a figure which Mr. BROWN very frequently avails himself of; and, in general, with great success; nor does he ever, like an unskillful midwife, perform the Cæsarean operation upon nature, when he can more obviously set her free. The green-house, apparently to resemble the great mansion, to which it is contiguous, is crowned, at the proper distances, with battlements and towers; and, by the gilt weather cocks, which flame there, exhibits more grandeur than most edifices of the kind.

At one end of this theatrical area of plants, we find a sort of winding labyrinth; but which, if pursued, proves a clue to lead us into the adjoining

shrubbery. The hares, which scour along the lawns and walks, though injurious to the shrubs, may be here deemed a beauty; and, by the fecundity of their race, afford also the idea of a retreat, many years longer sacred to shade and sylvan fecundity than the new created shrubbery of BURGHLEY really is. Though the author would, by no means, like some travellers, relate strange wonders, he was, one day, surprised in one of the walks, by an animal which he conceived of a very uncommon class. Finding, that it made no effort to escape, he was still more struck; and, supposing it of the noxious kind, endeavoured, by brandishing a little mahogany measure of five feet, which he grasped in his hand, to communicate to it a small portion of his own alarm. In doing this, however, it snapped in twain, and left him nothing to regret but his own nervous sensibility, and the broken measure, as the creature very leisurely limped away, to its covers or mews, into some of the neighbouring shrubs. Whatever it really was, it is not unnatural to suppose it a *Methusalem* of the tribe of hares, whom the uncommon indulgence, which he found at BURGHLEY, had rendered tame, and even preserved to taste of the infirmities of limping old age.

It is said that KENT, the predecessor of BROWN in the art of Gardening, frequently declared he caught his taste from reading the picturesque descriptions of SPENSER; and it is not improbable, that this last gentleman also derived his from the united assistances of such geniuses as BACON and MILTON, ADDISON
and

and POPE, who have not only treated, but given examples, of it, in their inimitable compositions. After perusing what HENTZER has expressed of Theobalds, a seat of the Lord Treasurer BURLEIGH's, who is said to have anticipated all the absurdities of the Dutch taste, it is with peculiar pleasure, that we see her restored to all her original purity at BURGHLEY, the abode of a Nobleman of the same Family. Though RAPIN, a learned Jesuit, of the last century, produced on this subject, in verse, what is called *Libri quatuor Hortorum*, and his master-piece, perhaps the English Garden, by MASON, is the most ingenious didactic poem of the kind. In perusing this, we are convinced how Mr. BROWN anticipates his rules, in almost every part of the pleasure-ground of BURGHLEY. Whoever has been familiar with it, will observe how strikingly exact he seems to mark what the poet calls

“ — The form of that peculiar curve,
 “ Alike averse to crooked and to straight;
 “ Where sweet simplicity resides; which grace
 “ And beauty call their own; whose lambent flow
 “ Charms us at once with symmetry and ease.
 “ 'Tis Nature's curve; instinctively she bids
 “ Her tribes of Beings trace it. Down the slope
 “ Of yon fair lawn, see, with its gradual sweep, &c.”

This he has not merely confined to the walks and trees, but transferred to the beautiful piece of water, which he has taught to flow nearly round it; to widen, at one place, into a floating lake; and then,

gradually lessening its channel, to terminate at last between contiguous beds of grand and drooping willows.

To so much beautiful cultivation and natural art, a critic, not over snarling, might wish for something of Rock and Wilderness; and for that kind of contrast, which it is more in the power of the romantic scenes of Persfield, or of Hawkstone, than those of Burghley, to bestow. It is with a view, I imagine, of atoning for this defect, that the ingenious projector has endeavoured to bewilder the centre of the sloping lawn, with a bold and new plantation of waving trees, as well as a plentiful growth of underwood and flowering shrubs. We shall, therefore, now conclude our observations with the just encomium, which the ingenious Author of the English Garden has been pleased to pay, after other geniuses, to the taste of this gentleman.

“ Him too, the living leader of thy pow’rs,
“ Great Nature ! him the Muse shall hail in notes,
“ Which antedate the praise true genius claims
“ From just posterity : Bards yet unborn
“ Shall pay to BROWN that tribute, fittest paid
“ In strains, the beauty of his scenes inspire.”

SECT. XXVIII.

THOUGH the author of the History of Stamford informs us, upon the authority of POTTER, that CROMWELL stormed BURGHLEY HOUSE, on July 19th, 1644, yet, when it is considered how much favour he shewed, by leaving it his picture, by WALKER, we should convert it into the milder appellation of a summons. Had CROMWELL conducted himself with his accustomed violence towards it, it would never have been left to the cold phlegm of WILLIAM the Third to pronounce it's eulogium; and, on two successive days, to make it the object of his curiosity. This circumstance, considering WILLIAM's great indifference to the arts, may be deemed a compliment of great value; as he must have found something at BURGHLEY, uncommonly interesting, to thaw his native insensibility, and induce him to repeat his visit.

In respect of the time, when King WILLIAM visited BURGHLEY, there is a difference, by ten years, between the account of Mr. PECK, and that of the author of the History of Stamford; the former asserting it to have been in the year 1695, and the latter in that of 1685; but, as King WILLIAM did not come to the throne of England until 1689, four years after the date of the last mentioned author, it is evident, that Mr. PECK has hit upon the right period of that event. This monarch, it is said, being tired with walking about, in the house, meeting one of the Earl's servants, on the stairs, asked him for a horse to ride about the gardens, but the person, strange as it appears to say so, not knowing his Majesty, refused him.

According to Mr. PECK, and the writer of the notes to the History of Stamford, who has copied it, the house being much decayed, the body of it was pulled down by the father of the Earl, who was contemporary with Mr. PECK, and the same materials were employed in building the stables at BURGHLEY. This, from the resemblance of these buildings, the one to the other, seems by no means improbable; and the latter, for the ancient plan, upon which they are built, are equally spacious, elegant, and noble. They are rather in the form of a semi-square, than, like the Duke of BENFORD's, at Wooburn, a semi-circle; and, exclusive of the great mansion, possess, with the other buildings, a compass of ground, which, when measured,
in

in the most accurate manner, by a string of twenty or thirty feet, is found to be equal to 334 yards.

When the hill, over which the old road ran, in a straight line from the great western gate to the house, was lowered, there was dug up, not far from it, without an inscription, a stone coffin, in which the very bones were reduced to dust. In the *Desiderata Curiosa* we read, that a servant, dreaming that his Lord called him, ran to the window, instead of the door; and, though he tumbled headlong from the top of the house, by escaping the broad slabs, lying along its sides, fell on the grass plat unhurt. Though the grave antiquarian who relates this, seems to admit its probability, to diminish our astonishment a little, he concludes that his dream must of course have been terminated by his fall.

Mr. PECK observes, “as BURGHEY, therefore, is so abundantly stocked, with original pictures, nice furniture of all sorts, and such a variety of other curiosities, in every kind, that is rich and costly; and those also so numerous, that, if they were parcelled out, among twenty other great houses, there would be enough in each to make them all worth going to see; as moreover the great King WILLIAM himself went twice thither in one and the same journey,”

“No wonder then, if BURGHEY unsurveyed,

“Strangers think not the Tour of Britain made.”

This panegyric, notwithstanding it's seeming hyperbole, is really the effect of plain truth; as, according
to

to another writer, experienced travellers have affirmed, that they met with nothing either in Italy or France that exceeded them.

Such are the facts, which his own experience of BURGHLEY, and the perusal of it's preceding authors, have enabled the writer of this volume to set down; and, though his judgment of fine painting is but too superficial, he has endeavoured, by a clear and faithful narration, to do it strict justice. It boasts a grandeur, which dazzles on all sides, unknown to some palaces; and novelties and curiosities, which are seldom seen but in some of the most select cabinets of a museum. If BURGHLEY does not find a man a virtuoso, it is enough to make him one; while the arts and the sciences, which burst upon, and court, him on all sides, must make the most accomplished, in regard to intellectual wealth, feel poor. The most exquisite carved work, in almost every room, out of the finest Norway oak, and odoriferous cedar wood, seem to demand, and must indeed rouse, the most stupid attention. The gilding which is, on all sides, mingled with the carved work, up to the very cornice, a vast height, throws a lustre the most brilliant upon every part; while the delighted eye, at a loss on what object to fix, strays with quick, but uncertain, pursuit, until it is lost in the general magnificence of the whole.

We must, however, draw our unfinished lucubrations to a close, with one remark more, that whole months spent here, will not enable the spectator, or
even

even the finished connoisseur, to exhaust all the curiosities of this most delightful Villa, which we conceive was hardly ever exceeded by the Villas of Tusculum, or any in either ancient or modern time.

THE END.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY J. W. FULTON

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY J. W. FULTON

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY J. W. FULTON

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY J. W. FULTON

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY J. W. FULTON

ERRATA.


Page.

- 5th, 11th line from the top, for Lord Burghley's, read *Lord Bursleigh's*.
 6th, 9th line from the top, ditto.
 21st, 1st line from the top, ditto.
 48th, 5th line from the bottom, for Odysee, read *Odyffey*; though Odysee is used.
 81st, for vine-yard, read *vineyard*, 11th line from the top: and same page, 3d line from the bottom, for Annibal by Caracchi, read *by Annibal Caracchi*.
 97th, for Sect. XI. read *Sect. XII.* and so on.
 109th, 7th line from the bottom, for crowds, read *crowd*.
 131st, 14th line from the top, for would furnish Hercules, read *would furnish an Hercules*.
 157th, 6th line from the bottom, for Lewis, read *Louis*.
 177th, 2d line from the top, for the great Treafurer's, read *great Treafurer*.
 189th, in the quotation, for pendant shades, read *pendent shades*.

54-B, 22161

2/-





SPECIAL 84B
22161

GETTY CENTER LIBRARY

